



No. 54.—Vol. V.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1894.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



MISS SYBIL CUTHELL.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. LAVIS, EASTBOURNE.

THE PANORAMA OF THE WEEK.

Tuesday.

The Queen consented (in the *London Gazette*) to the marriage of Princess Melita of Coburg with the Grand Duke of Hesse.—An heir to the Bulgarian throne was born to-day, and was immediately christened Boris, Prince of Tirnovo, and Duke of Saxe-Coburg. He was also made Knight of the First and Fourth Class of the Military Order of Valour, bearer of the collar of the Order of St. Alexander, Chief of the Fourth Regiment of Infantry (Plevna Regiment), Chief of the Fourth Regiment of Cavalry, and Chief of the Third Regiment of Artillery.—Shrewsbury is to raise a memorial to Charles Darwin, who was a native of the town.—A spring of oil has been discovered in Somerset.—“Viscount” Vaughan, as an elderly man called himself, was committed for trial at the Croydon Police Court on a charge of fraud.—A Northamptonshire gentleman, named Herbert Harry Langham, a former Master of the Pytchley Hunt, was charged at Bow Street with obtaining £1200 from the Discount Banking Company of England by false pretences.—The University of Brussels had to close its doors to-day by reason of the feeling provoked by the decision of the council to suspend M. Elisée Reclus’ course of lectures.—The Czar is reported to be recovering from the attack of influenza which prostrated him last week.

Wednesday.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* startled the town to-day with a statement, printed in thick, undertaker-looking type, that Mr. Gladstone had determined to resign office. On its leader page the *P.M.G.* declared that “in these days he is the wisest man who believes the least proportion of the news that is told him as reputed fact.” Of course, a direct official contradiction followed.—C. B. Harness, M’Cully, and Hollier were discharged at Marlborough Police Court, the charges made in connection with the Medical Battery Company not having been made out.—The Isle of Man is the militiaman’s paradise, for it was decided to-day that a militiaman who has taken up his residence there cannot be summoned by legal process to comply with the Act.—This was the second anniversary of Mr. Spurgeon’s death.—Sir Philip Currie left London for his new post at Constantinople. Lady Currie remains at home.—The Oxford University Dramatic Society produced “The Tempest” to-night.—The Hon. Nellie Bass was married to Mr. Baillie of Dochfour.—The first fancy-dress ball of the season was given at Covent Garden Theatre.—The state entrance of the Duke of Coburg and his family into Gotha to-day was an occasion of great enthusiasm.—A sensation has been created at Cairo by the publication in a native journal of an article containing a vehement attack on Lord Cromer and the Ministry. The Khedive, it says, praised all the members of the frontier force except one battalion.

Thursday.

The Gladstone *canard* is the talk of the town, and nearly every paper takes note of the curious discrepancy of opinion between the *Pall Mall Gazette* leader and its sensational story about the Premier. Mr. Gladstone, by-the-way, refused to receive a deputation from a political club at Bilbao, who waited on him at Biarritz to-day.—Cardinal Vaughan, speaking at Birmingham, proposed a resolution, which was unanimously carried, demanding the teaching of Christianity in the public elementary schools. The London School Board had one of its many squabbles on a similar question to-day.—A new railway line between Westport and Newport, County Mayo, was opened for traffic yesterday.—A. J. Monson was witness in the public examination of the Leicester Industrial Assurance and Building Company. He was elected a director in May, 1892, applied for 1000 shares, but never paid anything for them, and never took any part in the business of the company.—An elderly lady recovered £50 from the Empire Palace Company for injuries sustained by being struck in the eye by something discharged by a cannon which was fired in the defendants’ theatre by M. Herz, the conjurer, who, Mr. Justice Hawkins had to be assured, was not the well-known figure in short skirts on the Empire programme.—The foreman in a boot factory at Shoreditch inflicted with a revolver two wounds which are likely to prove fatal on a fellow-worker, and then shot himself dead.—Lord Elgin took his seat for the first time at the Legislative Council.—The deficit for 1893 in the New South Wales Budget was £1,200,000.

Friday.

The Duke of York opened a new technical school at King’s Lynn to-day.—The Parliamentary Committee of the Independent Nationalist party have issued a manifesto pleading for funds, which were last year “suspended.” The Government is declared to be “confessedly a failure.”—The Independent Labour party held its second annual conference in Manchester. Mr. Keir Hardie, who was elected chairman, described the present situation as one of all but political chaos.—The St. George’s Glee Union gave its three-hundredth consecutive monthly concert to-night, the principal item being Barnett’s cantata, “The Ancient Mariner.”—The man Pitt, who was secretary of the North London Commercial Building Society, was remanded at the Clerkenwell Police Court to-day. A statement has been found on him in which he accepted the whole responsibility for the state of the society, but “distinctly denied” having been guilty of fraud.—Mr. Michael Balfe got damages of £200 assessed against a lady who libelled him in *Society*.—General Hans Herzog, the famous general of the Swiss Federal Army, died to-day in his eighty-fifth year. He may be regarded as the founder of the present Swiss Army organisation.

Saturday.

The Marquis of Salisbury was sixty-four to-day.—Mr. Balfour opened a Constitutional Club at Leicester.—The weddings of the Earl of Northesk and Miss Elizabeth Boyle Hallows, of Mr. Charles Gresham Leveson-Gower and Miss Evelyn Mildred Brassey, daughter of the late Mr. H. A. Brassey, and of Lady Pope-Hennessy and Mr. Walter Thackwell took place to-day.—By the upturning of her carriage at Pau yesterday the Duchess of Manchester was slightly injured.—Early this morning a police inspector and a sergeant entered the New Mandoline Club, in Leicester Square. They found thirty women and thirty-six men, all in evening dress, in a ball-room on the ground floor. The occupier of the premises and another man were charged at the Marlborough Street Police Court later in the day with keeping a disorderly house.—The unemployed procession from Tower Hill to Trafalgar Square was broken up by the police. The unemployed Jews had proposed to take possession of St. Paul’s Cathedral in the evening, but the march of the children of Israel did not come off.—Ireland beat England at football by seven points to five, and Wales beat Scotland by one goal and one try to nil.—It is rumoured that Count Caprivi is to resign.—Two men have hanged themselves at Nice this week.—Mr. G. W. Childs, the millionaire owner of the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, died this morning. He was sixty-five years old, and began life as a shopboy.—Berlioz’s masterpiece, “La Damnation de Faust,” was presented for the first time on the English operatic stage to-night by the Carl Rosa Company at Liverpool.—Mr. Buchanan’s comedy, “Dick Sheridan,” was produced at the Comedy Theatre.

Sunday.

A number of distinguished arrivals have to be recorded. Mr. F. C. Selous arrived at Plymouth to-day from the Cape. He says nothing more is to be feared from Lobengula. Mr. F. G. Jackson, the Arctic explorer, arrived at Hull. He has explored Waigatz Island, 800 miles to the north of Trondhjem. Mr. Naoroji, the “Member for India” (and East Finsbury) returned from his visit to India. He speaks enthusiastically of his reception.—The Rev. Frederick John Ponsonby, Vicar of St. Mary Magdalene, Munster Square, and brother of Sir Henry Ponsonby, died suddenly to-day.—Mrs. Proctor-Smyth, widow of the late R. A. Proctor, lectured to-day in St. George’s Hall on the Lick Observatory telescope.—The Rev. Stewart Headlam addressed the Playgoers’ Club on the ballet—a sympathetic audience and a congenial topic.—The Carnival began at Nice to-day. In Paris a young laundress was chosen Queen of the Mid-Lent Carnival.—Cardinal Vaughan dealt with “five current topics” in his Lenten pastoral. The growth of Rationalism, Communism, and Atheism by the decay of religion had rendered the dangers to Catholic youth far more subtle, far more penetrating, far more formidable than they were in the days of greater ignorance and poverty.—Dr. O’Dwyer, the Bishop of Limerick, in his pastoral denounced moonlighting.

Monday.

The announcement was made to-day that Mr. Edward Burne-Jones has had a baronetcy conferred on him. He is the fourth artist on whom the honour has been bestowed during her Majesty’s reign, Sir Frederick Leighton, Sir John Millais, and the late Sir Edgar Boehm being the others.—At last London seems within reach of getting a teaching University. The report of the Royal Commission which has considered the draft charter for the proposed Gresham University recommends one institution and not two, and that the existing University be reconstructed (with six faculties) so as to carry out the object in view.—A new club, the Nimrod, opened its doors to-day to members. Lords Lonsdale, Bathurst, Huntingdon, Ribblesdale, and others are on the committee.—Vaillant was executed this morning.

By an obvious slip of the pen in “The Panorama of the Week” in *The Sketch* for Jan. 24, the name of Dr. Alfred Mattei, the distinguished advocate, was substituted for that of the prisoner, Antonio Monzilli, in the record of extradition proceedings at Bow Street Police Station. We apologise to Dr. Mattei, who represented the Italian Embassy on the occasion, for this error, which we have much pleasure in correcting.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Sole Lessee, MR. HENRY IRVING. TWICE DAILY, at 1.30 and 7.30. MR. OSCAR BARRETT’S FAIRY PANTOMIME, CINDERELLA.

Written by Mr. Horace Lennard. Box-office open 10 to 5. Seats secured by letter or telegram. Mr. Joseph Hurst, Acting Manager.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—MR. TREE, Sole Lessee and Manager. EVERY EVENING at 8.30, THE CHARLATAN.

A new play of Modern Life, by Robert Buchanan. At 8, SIX PERSONS, by I. Zangwill. MATINEE of THE CHARLATAN, Saturday next, at 2.30. Box-office (Mr. Leverton) 10 to 5.

DALY’S THEATRE, Leicester Square.—Every Night, until further notice, at 8 (doors open 7.30), Shakspeare’s comedy of TWELFTH NIGHT. MISS ADA REHAN as VIOLA and MR. DALY’S COMPANY. MATINEE, Saturdays, Feb. 10, 17, and 24. EXTRA MATINEES, Wednesdays, Feb. 28 and March 7. Box-office daily, 9 to 5. Seats also at all Libraries. “This enchanting comedy has never been given with such complete harmony and good taste.”—Telegraph.

CONSTANTINOPLE. OLYMPIA.

TOTALLY UNPRECEDENTED TRIUMPH. ALL RECORDS ECLIPSED. MAGNIFICENT SPECTACLE. 2000 Performers, Most Gigantic Scenic Effects, Marvellous Dances, Exciting Sports, Marvellous Replica of Constantinople, Magnificent Palaces and Mosques, Bazaars, Fleets of Real Turkish Caiques, Waters of the Bosphorus, Bridge of Boats, Marvellous Subterranean Lake, Hall of One Thousand and One Columns, Illuminated Fairy Palace, Astounding Tableaux of the Arabian Nights.

TWICE DAILY, 12 noon and 6 p.m. Admission everywhere, including Reserved Seat for Grand Spectacle, 1s., 2s., 3s., 4s., and 5s. No extra charges. Seats from 3s. booked at all Box-offices and at Olympia.

THE SERIOUS SIDE OF NATURE.



DINING À LA PARISIENNE IN LONDON.

REOPENING OF THE NEW DINING HALL AT THE HÔTEL VICTORIA: MUSIC AND SMOKING.

THE LATE MISS ROSINA VOKES.

Who hasn't heard of the Vokes Family? Once on a time they were extremely popular in London, but one after another has died, and now Miss Rosina Vokes, the youngest of the troupe, has passed away. Pantomime in town was at one time incomplete without some of the family. In 1868, when "Humpty-Dumpty" was put on at the Lyceum, five of them appeared—namely, Jessie, Victoria, Rosina, Fred,



Photo by Sarony, New York.
THE LATE MISS ROSINA VOKES.

and Fawdon, and in the following year they figured in the Drury Lane pantomime. In August, 1870, they made their *début* in Paris, where they appeared at the Châtelet. They scored an immediate success, but the war had just broken out, and at the end of the month they found that all the inhabitants in the outlying districts were bringing their household goods, &c., within the walls of the city, and they had seen quite sufficient to convince them that it was not safe to remain there any longer. But it was not easy to quit Paris at a few hours' notice. They were compelled to remain nearly a week longer, and at last got safely away, after a journey occupying fully thirty hours. The family and the supernumeraries formed the last company performing in Paris prior to the investment of the city by the Germans. The last appearance of the family at Drury Lane was in the inaugural pantomime, "Bluebeard," of Sir Augustus Harris, 1879-80. Then they plunged into the provinces and became scattered, while some of them died. The father of them all, Mr. F. M. T. Vokes, lived until June, 1890, when he had reached the age of seventy-four. Jessie was the first member of the family to be removed by death, for it is ten years since she died. In 1888 Fred died in his forty-second year, and now Miss Rosina has gone. She was just thirty-six. Some years ago she married Mr. Cecil Clay, the brother of Mr. Frederic Clay, the composer, whose tragic end is not yet forgotten. After her marriage she drifted to America, where her husband's clever sketch, "A Pantomime Rehearsal," made a great success, which was emphasised on its production in this country in 1891 as part of the famous triple bill of Mr. Brandon Thomas and Mr. Weedon Grossmith. Mrs. Clay was the most talented member of her family. Her brothers and sisters were inimitable as dancers—especially Fred, whose spider-like movement of limb was then a novelty—but Rosina could act and sing as well as dance. It has been said, indeed, that had it not been for her loyalty to her family and her attachment to her brothers and sisters she would have made a far greater mark as a comic actress than she did. In America, however, she made a reputation which exceeded that of any English actress who has made America her second home. When she could spare a few weeks from work she came back to the old country, and rested in a little cottage at Babbicombe Bay, Torquay. Here it was that a painful illness, extending over several months, ended fatally on Saturday week.

"SOUVIENS-TOI, MON AMI?"

(WITH APOLOGIES TO BISMARCK AND BÉRANGER.)

Souviens-toi, mon ami? The grand, the good old days
I muse, I dream, and I think on, for back my mem'ry strays.
My name was made in the past, *mon roi*, you to the future look;
I'm only a poor old fossil—a name for a history book
That children shall con in their school hours
And wonder that I'm alive.
Tempora mutantur, always—
The fittest only survive.

Souviens-toi, mon ami? The good, the grand old years
I muse, I dream, and I think on—the wraith of the past appears
In a robe of reeking powder, with a voice like a cannon's peal.
Oh! the days of blood and iron, lit by the glint of steel,
When the *Durchlauchs* crowded round me,
Eager for beck or smile!
Tempora mutantur—you know it—
Just bear with me awhile.

Souviens-toi, mon ami? Versailles' lordly hall
I muse, I dream and I think on—we held them all in thrall
When Thiers and Favre trembled and pallid grew with woe!
Souviens-toi, mon ami, how we hounded down the foe?
But now—now—now? What am I?
Bah! but a raree show.
Tempora mutantur—what of it?—
Hoch! Hoch! Who cares, you know?

Souviens-toi, mon ami? I crave no vulgar cheers;
I muse, I dream, and I think on the men who were my peers.
Von Moltke, say where art thou? I long to see thy face,
To welcome thee, old comrade, in a swelling heart's embrace.
Ay, I yearn to join thee, comrade;
A man thou wert, as I.
Tempora—I'll not drivell:
Our time was the long gone by.

The Hochs rang out in the "Linden"
From Schloss to distant Thor,
To him they bore the sole refrain
Of "Never, never more."

A. T. P.



Photo by C. Bell, Washington.
MISS VOKES IN "MAID MARIAN."

THE FANCY DRESS BALL AT COVENT GARDEN.

A reminiscence of departed Vauxhall glories was very successfully shown on Wednesday night in the enterprising rearrangement of Covent Garden for the first *bal masqué* of the season. The stage had been supplanted by a carpet of greenery, which wore an exquisitely rustic and woodland air. Bowers of greenery, hermits' caves, shady arbours, and cosy nooks, built discreetly in retired corners, contrasted "marvellous well" with the brilliant scene in the Opera House proper, where every box glittered with flowers, jewels, and brilliantly dressed masks, who looked on or occasionally mixed about with the motley groups below. It speaks well for the continued popularity of these gay occasions that not a single box was to be had for love, much less money, on the afternoon of the preceding day. Among many successful costumes, the most original was, perhaps, that worn by Mr. Arthur Speer, who, as a "candelabrum," made a great effect. The lighting of this animated candle-holder was managed very cleverly, and the idea was much applauded. A "lion and unicorn" made a great impression with their enormous silver and gilt masks, tails, and claws. The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street fluttered in millions of mimic bank-notes (advertising a whisky!), which she wore all over her prosperous person. A well-known "medico" looked after an enormous "baby," who figured in white satin garments. "The Heavenly Twins" were perhaps less celestial than charming in white wigs and Devonshire hats of important proportions. A "lady bookmaker" and the companion figure in extensively sporting get-up exchanged tips for nips with extreme affability. Monks and monkeys, dons and donkeys, clowns and coquettes, in an endless merry-go-round, gave that brightness and gaiety to the scene which recalled one's merriest Carnival experiences in Rome or on the festive Riviera. It needs some skill to carry one's self in masquerading gear. That is why, perhaps, the theatrical folk who were there made a heavier show than other people, even where their costumes were not so striking. By far and away the most grotesque figure present was Little Tich, in the garb of a Guardsman. Wherever he moved, he was followed by an amused crowd. A pretty street flower-girl seemed quite at home with her basket. There were a toreador, a Red Indian, a gentleman dressed in a costume made up of *Pearson's Weekly* and *Answers*, Japs, sailors, soldiers, and Watteau-looking shepherdesses galore. The costume that won the first lady's prize was that worn by Mrs. Fred Taylor. It represented Pictureland, being composed entirely of the brilliant covers of the well-known toy-books of Messrs. Dean and Son, and hand-painted on satin. May, of Bow Street, designed the dress. Mr. Charles Dodsworth won the first gentleman's prize; he was the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street. It is to be regretted that so few of the men were in fancy dress.



Photo by Wayland, Streatham.

MRS. TAYLOR, THE FIRST LADY'S PRIZE WINNER AT THE BALL.



COSTUMES AT THE BALL.

THE PLAY AND ITS STORY.

"DICK SHERIDAN," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

Richard Brinsley Butler Sheridan at the age of twenty-one was an astonishing creature. If you believe a sister's statement—and my experience leads me to be distrustful—"he was handsome, not merely in the eyes of a partial sister, but generally allowed to be so. His cheeks had the glow of health, his eyes—the finest in the world—the brilliancy of genius, and were as soft as a tender and affectionate heart could render them. The same playful fancy, the same sterling and innoxious wit was shown afterwards in his writings." He was a gay, high-spirited lad, with a taste for wine, women, and dice.

However, of this R. B. B. Sheridan the Richard Brinsley Sheridan of the play shows little. Mr. Buchanan's hero was a love-sick, melancholy, taciturn cub, whose penniless attentions were naturally displeasing to the father of the beautiful Miss Linley, "the Maid of Bath," and, consequently, were pleasing to his daughter. Mr. Linley was not the only person aggrieved, for Dick was a deserter of the charms of Lady Miller, "the Queen of Bath," who wished to punish him as severely as possible for his desertion, and he had two rivals, Captain Matthews, a married man, and Lord Dazzleton—in real life Mr. Long—an elderly peer, who posed as a Mæcenas and desired, despite his age, wealth, and rank, to marry the little singing girl.

The Captain and Lady Miller conspired against the poor hero and heroine. He told the girl that her lover was false, and, of course, as he had no evidence to offer, she believed him on faith of a newspaper report, and, as she was unhappy because her father insisted on the marriage with Lord Dazzleton, she agreed to accept the Captain as escort to France, where her cousin lived. Then, of course, came Sheridan's turn, and he convinced the weather-fish maiden that he was true, so she resolved to take him as escort *vice* the Captain. Papa Linley was bundled out of the way, and when the Captain interfered he was arrested for debt by a sheriff's officer, and Sheridan and his Betty went off in the post-chaise hired by his rival. They were married at a little village near Calais by a sort of Gretna Green priest, fashionable in those days. Then she went on to St. Quentin, where her cousin lived, and was brought back to England by papa, who was not informed of the marriage.

Young Sheridan settled down in lodgings, and tried to earn fame and fortune by duelling, dicing, drinking, and play-writing, for he vowed not to claim his wife till he had made much glory and many guineas. The sheriff's officer became his comic Irish servant, and acted as go-between for husband and wife. Soon "The Rivals" was written and submitted to Drury Lane and Covent Garden. Garrick wanted to produce it, but, unfortunately, Lord Dazzleton was on the committee, and, though he thought the play splendid, he vowed to hinder the production of his rival's work, for the old lord was still paying attentions to Betty. However, Covent Garden, despite Dazzleton's influence, agreed to produce the play. The old lord, Captain Matthews, who had become a widower, and Lady Miller all aided the father in the meantime to bend the proud spirit of the girl and induce her to accept her aged aristocratic suitor. Of course, they did not know how impossible it was.

The conspirators, fearful that if the play succeeded its author would be too powerful for them, formed a cabal against it. Dazzleton, who, though a mere amateur dramatic critic, was supposed to possess the power of a Scott-cum-Archer-cum-Nesbitt-cum-Moy Thomas, was to damn it, and the Captain made Lee, who played Sir Lucius O'Trigger, as drunk as a dustman; moreover, he brought up Dick's acceptances, and had him arrested for debt. However, a few vigorous words from Betty convinced Dazzleton that he was behaving meanly, and he determined to aid the distressed lovers. He could not save the play, but, at least, was able to pay Dick's debts and rescue him from rotting in the Fleet. Dick remained in the dumps, and though a second performance of his play, with Clinch in Lee's part, was given, he remained in such a state of mind that when Captain Matthews called and asked for another duel he obliged him promptly, and—contrary to the facts—brought him low and made him apologise. Just in the nick of time, Betty entered, followed by Lord Dazzleton, who announced the triumph of "The Rivals," so the young husband and wife were re-united, their marriage was proclaimed to the world, and they lived happy for several months after.

As a story of real life, Sheridan's early romance is curious and interesting, but Mr. Buchanan's rendering, unfortunately, makes it appear utterly improbable. The playwright has the power of making the truth seem incredible and causing creatures who should be charming seem to be dull and tedious. No doubt, some people liked the play: there are persons who like the pictures of Mr. Frith, the music of Mr. Hutchinson, and the novels of Mr. G. W. Reynolds; but to others such a work as "Dick Sheridan" is a melancholy insult to the memory of a great dramatist and remarkable man. It is difficult to listen with patience to a long-drawn, lifeless patchwork, enlivened mainly by old jokes and stale stage tricks. How Mr. Comyns Carr came to produce it one cannot guess, and that he has produced it is matter for sincere regret to those who hoped that he would have had a more ambitious aim.

Such a play naturally breeds tame acting, and out of a numerous company of clever people it is hard to say more of many than that they did their duty conscientiously. Mr. Brandon Thomas and Miss Pattie Browne as man- and maid-servant were entertaining at times, but the skilful work of the others was really lost. An ill-drawn part, for which he was not well suited, seemed to depress Mr. H. B. Irving, and his Dick did not enable one to guess what progress he has made since "A Fool's Paradise."

MONOCLE.

MISS BLANCHE HORLOCK.

Miss Horlock is unquestionably an actress who has every right to aspire to a foremost position on our stage, and to play leading parts such as Miss Marion Terry and Miss Winifred Emery have made historical. From the age of fourteen she has walked the stage, her *début* having been in the balcony scene in "Romeo and Juliet," and as Ophelia under Miss Carlotta Leclercq's management at Ladbroke Hall and the Vaudeville. Three years later, she took the part of Lucy Malcolm in Wilson Barrett and Clement Scott's "Sister Mary," and her appearance in Miss Rehan's part in "A Night Off" induced Mr. C. H. Hawtrey to give her a place in his company at the Globe when staging "The Lodgers," "The Snowball," and "The Private Secretary." With the Kendals she took Mrs. Tree's part as



Photo by Hills and Saunders, Sloane Street, S.W.

MISS BLANCHE HORLOCK.

Mrs. Betty Noel in "Lady Clancarty," and was engaged by them to appear in "The Ironmaster," "A Scrap of Paper," and "The Squire"; while the loan of her to Mr. Terry to play in "Sweet Lavender" materially assisted in the success of that fragrantly-named play, which ran for a year and nine months. Then she joined Mr. Hare's company, and was cast for Lucy Lorimer in "A Pair of Spectacles" and Lucy in "Dream Faces." In "Called Back" Mr. Tree assigned to her the part of Mary Vaughan, and she made a decided hit as Dorothy Musgrave in "Beau Austin" during Mrs. Tree's illness. In "The Dancing Girl" she personated Faith, the sister of Priscilla, and her resemblance in some measure to Miss Julia Neilson made the character decidedly more successful. One of her favourite creations is that of Madame Borinski in "A Broken Melody," and her Rose Woodmere in "The Prodigal Daughter" was much admired. While Miss Horlock was understudy to Miss Kate Rorke in "Diplomacy" Mr. Hare lent her services to Mr. Tree, when she undertook the part of Lady Stutfield in "A Woman of No Importance," and she was associated, as Alice Hempe, with Miss Fanny Brough in "Mrs. Othello" at Toole's Theatre and the Vaudeville. Miss Horlock by no means wears her heart upon her sleeve, for she is somewhat reserved, and little given to talking about herself. However, I learned one of her small ambitions, namely, her desire to play before audiences in the two great University towns.

L.



MISS BLANCHE HORLOCK.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. HILLS AND SAUNDERS, SLOANE STREET, S.W.

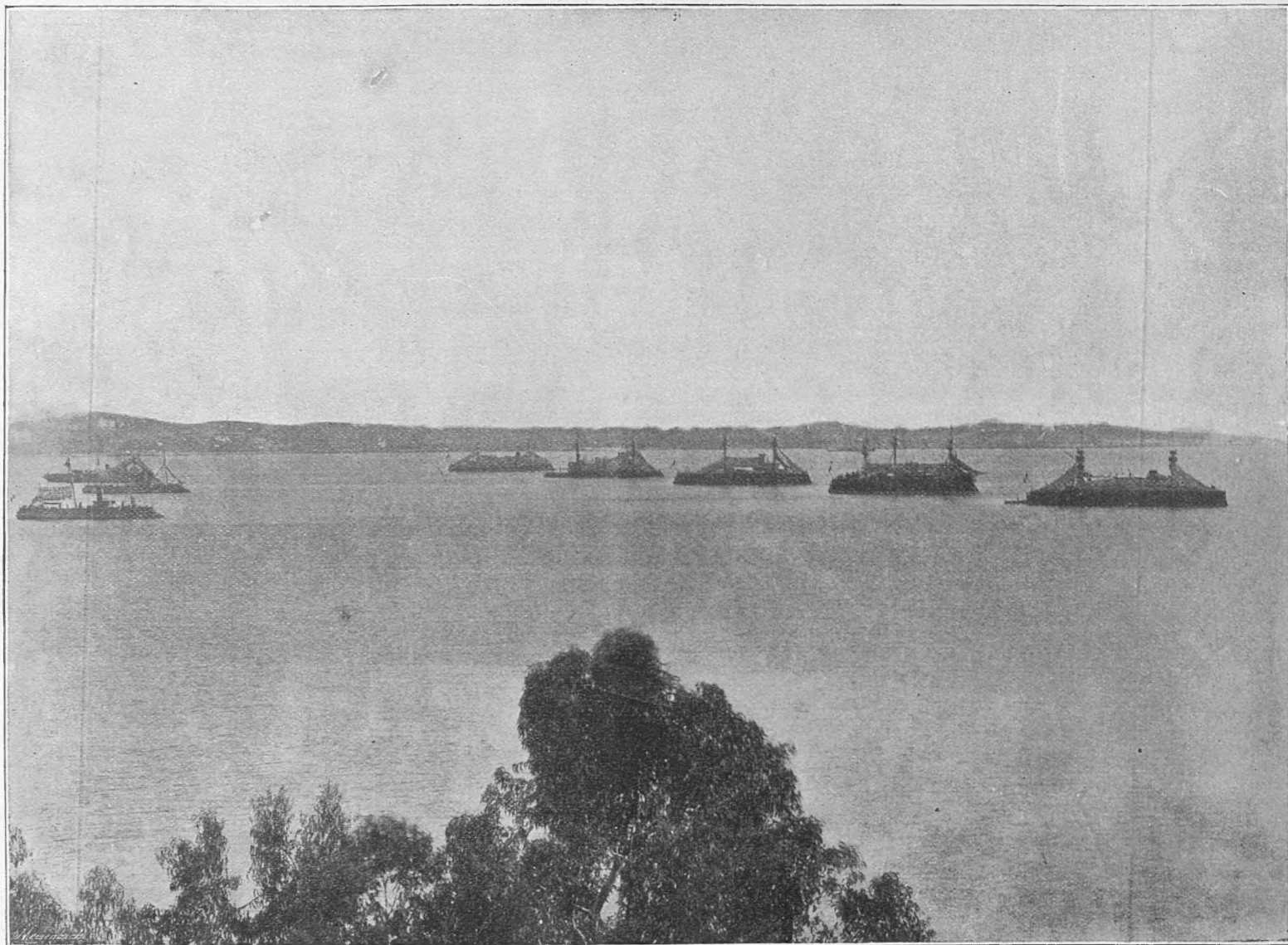
LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

Paris has had an up-to-date sensation in the discussion raised by its Radical member, M. Lockroy, on the state of the French Navy. "The service was going to the dogs." That was his impeachment, and his speech was not without power. But the scare wouldn't work any more than the English one, for on Thursday a vote of confidence in the Government was adopted by 356 votes against 166, after the Government had refused to accept an order of the day in favour of an inquiry by the Naval Committee of the Chamber.

I was the unwilling witness of a horrible accident in the Bois the other day. Quietly riding along the Acacias, a horse galloped past me at racing speed, its head down, the bit between its teeth, its unlucky rider vainly pulling, until her head almost touched the horse's tail. They flew round a corner at lightning speed, and I came up behind just in time to

The old Château de Nantas, near St. Etienne, was recently destroyed by fire. The owner, Baron Vital de Rochetaillée, was absent with his family at the time, but a friend, who was sleeping at the château, perished in the flames. Ravachol, the Anarchist who was guillotined, once opened the grave of the Dowager Baronne de Rochetaillée, and desecrated it by taking some jewellery that had been buried with the body.

A Madame Pasquale has been severely punished for a threat made in fun. The *concierge* of the house was extremely unpopular with all the tenants, who requested the proprietor, a M. Faucon, to dismiss him. This, however, he refused to do. Shortly afterwards a letter was sent to him, warning him that unless the *concierge* were dismissed his house would be blown up, the writer signing the missive "A Former Tenant-Anarchist." M. Faucon took it in very bad part, and inquiries were at once made, with the result that Madame Pasquale was found to have been the sender, and she was sentenced to four months' imprisonment. The poor woman had never been connected in any way with Anarchists,



THE FRENCH FLEET IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

From a Snap-shot taken at Cannes.

see another horse shy violently at the sight of the runaway, and throw its rider, the Vicomte de Veauce, against a tree with such force that his collar-bone was broken, besides other injuries. The lady, meanwhile, had managed to hold on until her horse came to a voluntary standstill at the end of the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, where she had been in the habit of dismounting—fortunately for her. She took the matter most calmly, to the great admiration of the small crowd of grooms and stable-helpers always stationed at that particular point, and finally drove away in a very smart hansom which was awaiting her.

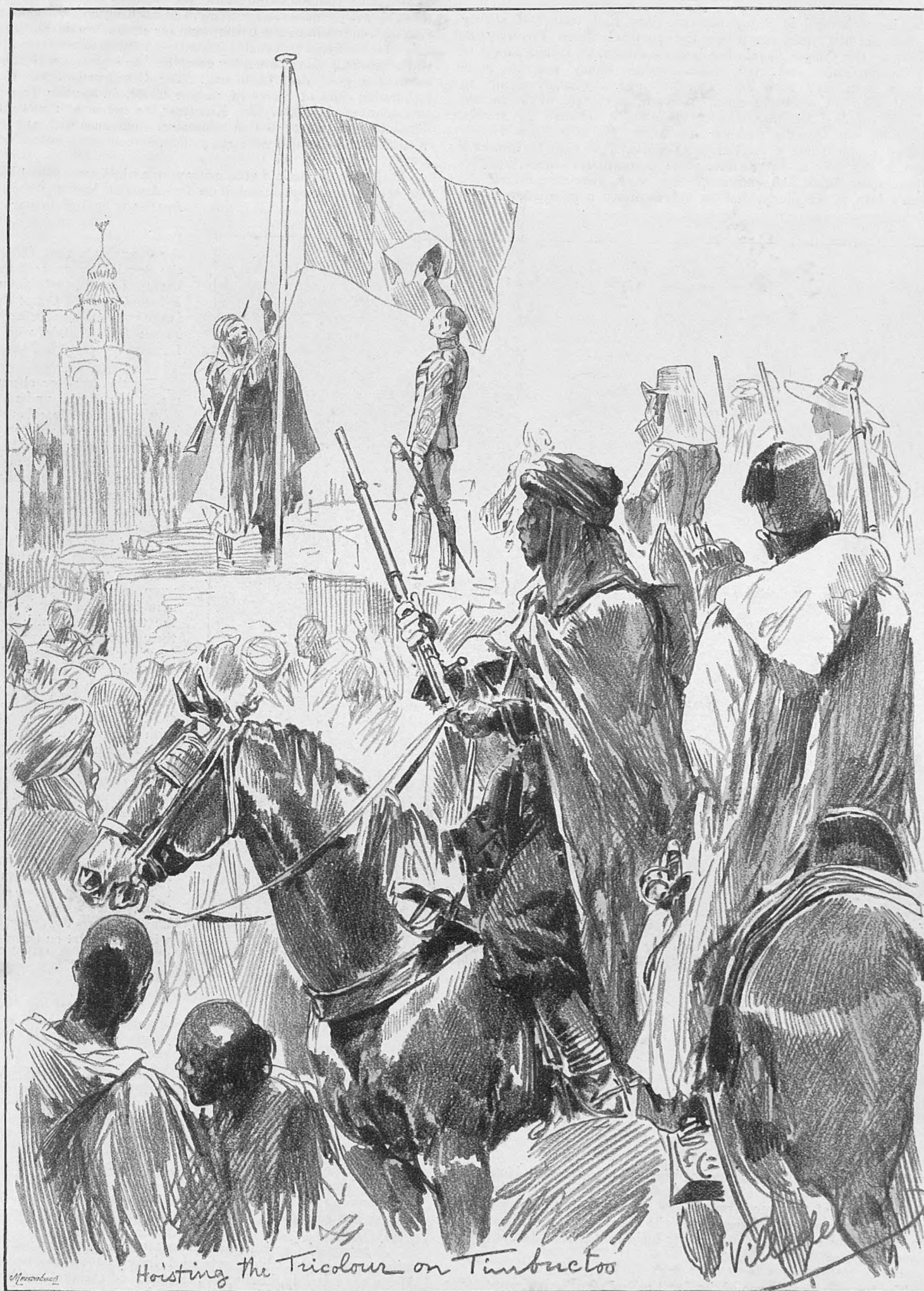
Lieutenant-Colonel Bonnier, who entered Timbuctoo and planted the French flag there, has been recalled. Although the French Government are trying to make the rest of the European Powers believe that the capture of this great trading centre of Western Africa does not meet with their approval, there is no doubt they are secretly patting each other on the back over this last acquisition.

The visitors at Nice and environs are enjoying the lovely weather and having a good time generally, I believe. To him who hath more shall be given, and Mrs. Langtry has really been winning large sums. Little Max Lebaudy has triumphed over his mother, after all, so far, unless it is shown in the future that he is exceeding his income of £70,000, or getting into the hands of money-lenders, in which case the *conseil judiciaire* will be enforced once more.

and simply did it as a joke. The punishment seems most severe, especially as she is a dressmaker, and will lose her entire *clientèle*.

I remember a most amusing scare once, just about the time of the Ravachol exploit. On entering *chez moi*, I found the *concierge* dancing about like a lunatic in the entrance, green with terror. In answer to my question as to what was the matter, he pointed to a small box outside the door leading into my flat, assuring me it was a bomb, and that the whole place would be blown up in five seconds. Although trembling in every limb, I had sense enough to tell him to fetch a bucket of water, and then, nearly fainting with fright, we crept up to it and deposited it safely in the water. That done, I flopped down on the stairs, overcome with relief, when we heard peals of laughter from the floor above, and on looking up saw a wretched young imp of a boy about fourteen, who was staying with me at the time, roaring with delight at the complete success of his diabolical scheme. It seems the little scamp had got an empty sardine-box and filled it with sand, secured the lid, and put it carefully outside his hostess's door, and then watched for the fun. He was promptly returned to his friends the same evening. The *concierge* was dissuaded from creating a scandal about it by a ruinous *pourboire* from me, and nobody was, fortunately, any the wiser. I sometimes feel sorry, when I recall the fright I had, that I didn't secure him five years in a reformatory, as he deserved.

MIMOSA.



Hoisting the Tricolour on Timbuctoo

SMALL TALK.

Tastes have changed in many matters since that cold and stormy day four-and-fifty years ago when the youthful Queen Victoria was wedded in the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, to Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and even wedding-cakes to-day are far more elaborate than they were half a century ago. Curiously simple, in contrast with the elaborate constructions of late royal weddings, was the cake supplied for the banquet table at St. James's by Messrs. Gunter for the Queen's wedding breakfast, yet more than twenty thousand people made a pilgrimage to Berkeley Square to inspect it before it was sent to the palace. The decoration of flags, heraldic plaques, roses, lilies, and snowdrops was very characteristic of the Queen's love of simplicity, and so unpretentious a production would

affords a wonderful contrast to the 1834 and the 1848 wines, both of which have almost entirely lost their colour. There is also a wonderful collection of Cabinet Rhine wines, presented to her Majesty at various times by her German relatives. Mr. Thomas Kingscote holds the excellent post of Gentleman of the Cellars, and his duties are of an exceedingly agreeable nature, being chiefly confined to satisfying himself that the various wines under his charge are not "going off" in any way, which, naturally, involves a good deal of tasting. The Gentleman of the Cellar has a charming suite of rooms in Engine Court, St. James's Palace, and a very comfortable salary. Mr. Kingscote is a cousin of Sir Nigel of that ilk, and it was thanks to that gentleman's influence with the Prince of Wales that he obtained the appointment.

It appears to puzzle a good many people why Count Albert Mensdorff, one of the secretaries attached to the Austrian Embassy, should be so frequently invited to stay with the Queen. To the initiated, however, there is nothing strange in this, as the Count is a near connection of the Royal Family, his grandmother having been a first-cousin of the Prince Consort. Count Mensdorff is the younger brother and heir of Prince Dietrichstein, who owns an immense property in Bohemia.

For the dear—or cheap—life of me, I can never understand why folks make such a fuss about Carnival. What is there so very particularly, superabundantly pleasant in it, after all? A blue sky, a freezing wind, a multitude of wire masks, a nice lot of skin-cuts on faces and necks from the deftly hurled *confetti*, a shouting and a singing in the streets. *Eh bien!* the very first Carnival that ever I saw was at Antwerp, in the old days when Antwerp was Antwerp, with a quay kept up by mouldering piles, and when 'neath the trees the Flemish folk drank their beer or drove themselves frantic with five centimes' worth of fiery *schnicks*. I did not find any particular fun in the show. At noon the church bells clanged, and then sallied forth divers *fiacres*, filled with wire-masked beauties or uglies, who screamed unmelodiously when they were assailed with bursting bombs of *poudre de riz*, or had their ears cut with solidified plaster of Paris and sugar. There were a few fights, or rather kickings and scratchings, and then the *sergents de ville* would turn up, hustle the offenders into cabs, and keep them quiet by the ingenious process of planting them, like foot-warmers, in the bottom among the straw, and sitting with their feet on them—a passive sort of frog's march, delightful to the lover of liberty of the person.

Why, I know not, but the idea has got about that there is no longer the danger in Carnival that there used to be in the old days, when Nathaniel Hawthorne viewed it from his Roman balcony and Charles Dickens from his. Why, at the very time that I was at Antwerp, fifteen or seventeen years ago—we were walking on the Quai Vandyk,

chatting in the moonlight, now and again stopping to listen to the carillon—said I, "There's no romantic danger about Carnival now." Well, the next morning we heard that only ten minutes after we had left the quay a mask had been found there, lying with his throat cut from ear to ear.

A propos of Carnival and *bals masqués*, let me for a moment call to mind some of the oddest gets-up I have chanced to come across. At Malta was certainly the simplest, chastest, and cheapest. A Naval "sub" greatly distinguished himself by appearing with a simple night-shirt over his uniform, holding in his hand a chamber candlestick. He said he was a somnambulist; they said he ought to be ashamed of himself—he was kindly requested to adjourn. However, his noble exploit is sometimes chatted about on the Marina even to the present day. Another costume I fancied was during the halcyon nights of Highbury Barn. A noble civic youth appeared as a milestone, inscribed with "A thousand miles from care."



scarcely be seen at the wedding breakfast of a plutocrat's daughter of to-day. It was on Feb. 10, 1840, that the wedding took place, and a ballad writer of the time expressed the opinion that "Those will now wed who ne'er wedded before; Those who always wedded will now wed the more"—an optimistic but scarcely lucid contribution to the eternal woman question.

The Queen possesses one of the finest cellars of wine in Europe. The accumulation of stock during the past twenty years has been enormous, and the large cellars at Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace are now filled almost to the extent of their capacity. The collection of old ports, sherries, and especially Madeiras is extremely fine, great quantities of these wines having been purchased by George IV., and now, of course, represent some of the rarest vintages. It is a curious fact that the 1820 port, of which there is a considerable stock, is nearly as dark and as full-bodied as it must have been the day it was bottled, and in this respect

"Wreckage" is a striking title, and Mr. Hubert Crackenthorpe does not monopolise it. A one-act play of the same name has just been issued as the twentieth volume of the Neville Lynn acting series. It is based by Mr. Gustav Hein on a German play by Max Grube. It is far more sombre than the one-act pieces one is accustomed to see, but that only makes it the more welcome. The story is one of wreckage in the literal sense, telling of a wreck and a young sailor being washed ashore and taken to a fisherman's hut. The occupants, a fisherman, his daughter, and a crippled fisherman, are on the point of being evicted, and the last named resolves to murder the sailor for his money. The rescued man is again rescued by the girl, and turns out to be the cripple's son. The play is worth some manager's attention.

Admirers of Ibsen may be interested to know that "Ghosts" was performed in the English tongue for the first time in America only the other day, at the New York house called the Berkeley Lyceum.

Mr. E. W. Mackney writes me as follows: "I saw in your paper an allusion to my old banjo song 'Over There' as not being elevating—agreed; but it proved amusing to the public. In the first place, you have described it incorrectly. The proper words run thus—

Potatoes they grow small
Over there;
Potatoes they grow small,
When they are planted in the fall
You must eat them tops and all
Over there.

The housemaid simplicity and the way it was sung made the success. You have forgotten to give me credit for the songs that were popular all over the world, such as 'Sally, Come Up,' 'T'other Side of Jordan,' 'In the Strand,' 'The Whole Hog or None,' 'I'd Choose to be a Baby,' 'Just Behind the Battle, Mother,' besides my performance of 'The



Mr. George Honey (Baron Badnuff).

Mr. Edgar Granville (Mother Hubbard).

Mr. Edward Laurie (Simple Simon).

Photo by W. Brigham, Scarborough.

IN "RED RIDING HOOD," AT THE GRAND THEATRE, LEEDS.

The performance took place at one of those much abused *matinées*, and the cast contained hardly a single name familiar to London audiences. For purposes of record it might be noted that the part of Mrs. Alving was played by Miss Ida Jeffreys Goodfriend, Mr. Courtney Thorpe was the Oswald, Mr. Arthur Laurence the Pastor Manders, and Miss Eleanor Lane the Regina. The play had been given in German under the correct Teutonic title of "Gespenster" at Amberg's, now the Irving Place Theatre, on March 27, 1891.

A right clever musician is Mr. Leonard Borwick, one of the two English pianists who will represent the Philharmonic Society, which institution, by-the-way, seems to draw upon the Continent for the majority of its artistes. Mr. Borwick is the grandson of the gentleman who made a great fortune out of baking powder, and son of the present head of the firm, who is noted, among other things, for his open-handed philanthropy. The pianist only made his *début* a few years ago, before which he studied under Madame Schumann. As he will not see thirty just yet awhile, he has, doubtless, a brilliant career in front of him.

Farm-Yard' and other imitations on the violin, banjo, melophone, piano, also dancing. Render unto Caesar, &c." Will the insertion of this letter satisfy "Caesar"?

Rothley Temple, about six miles from Leicester, which has just changed hands, and concerning which much has recently appeared in the papers, is not only famous in connection with Macaulay, but as, perhaps, the most perfect of those Preceptorics of the Knights Templars—once fifteen in number—with one of which the delightful pages of "Ivanhoe" have made most of us acquainted. Rothley, or Rodeley, as it was spelt half a century ago, was in the occupation of the Templars and their successors, the Hospitallers, from the time of Henry III. to that of his successor, Henry VIII. The latter arbitrary monarch presented it to his favourite, Henry Cartwright, at the time of the Reformation, its last Preceptor being Sir John de Babington, through whose interest it passed by purchase to his younger brother, Humfrey Babington, whose descendants held it for so many generations. The chapel and crypt are fine examples of the early pointed style as applied to domestic architecture.

A true story, though the names are changed. It was a famous newspaper proprietor, and his name it was not Mr. John Henry Greave, and he visited New York bent on a little business and much pleasure. He found excellent rooms on the first floor of a high-class hotel, a little less palatial, and perhaps on that account more cosy, than most American hostelrys happen to be. On the same landing he presently discovered he had for neighbour Mrs. Incheape Hawley Swallow, a charming but somewhat presuming and aggressive widow, blessed with all the serene self-assurance of the advanced American lady. From her, to his intense surprise, he received one morning a prettily enveloped billet, which, before he had read it, did, according to his own confession, raise hopes that he had made, perhaps too suddenly, an impression on one more womanly heart. His pulse took its normal time in beating, however, as he read: "Mrs. Incheape Hawley Swallow presents her respects and compliments to Mr. John Henry Greave, and begs to inform him that she is next week to receive a visit from her niece. As Mr. John Henry Greave occupies the only bed-room on this landing save the one occupied by Mrs. Incheape Hawley Swallow, she will be much obliged if Mr. John Henry Greave will take a suite of rooms in another part of the hotel."

Mr. John Henry Greave pondered this production. After he had recovered his disappointment as to its nature, he sat him down to reply, with this result: "Mr. John Henry Greave presents his respects and

Lord Iveagh has, it seems, transferred his affections from a western to an eastern county, and has chosen Elvedon, in Suffolk, as his country seat. The price paid is stated to have been a trifling £150,000—more than half a million less than that he had agreed to give for historic Savernake. Elvedon, however, has its traditions, for it was there that the celebrated Admiral Keppel, afterwards Lord Keppel, lived at the latter end of last century. The house, however, in which that naval veteran resided was pulled down to make way for the fine Italian red-brick residence erected in 1870 by the late Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, who indulged his Oriental taste to the full in the gorgeous internal decorations, which are rich in Indian arabesques, gilding, and glass. The park itself (I well remember walking through it on a glorious autumn day) is pretty enough, though its beauty, as English parks go, is by no means remarkable.

As a game preserve, however, Elvedon, with its 17,000 acres, is not to be surpassed. I believe that as many as 12,000 head of game have been killed there in one brief season. The late Maharajah was not only a keen sportsman and an excellent shot, but he had a wonderful knowledge of game breeding. In the best methods of propagating game birds he was, indeed, an expert, and he gave to the pursuit a great deal of time and attention, and understood the rearing and feeding of young pheasants as well as any keeper in the eastern counties. In fact, the estate, when he lived there, was kept up in every way in the most perfect manner, and the difference between the half



SCARBOROUGH: BATHERS ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

Photo by W. Brigham, Scarborough.

compliments to Mrs. Incheape Hawley Swallow, and is delighted to learn that Mrs. Incheape Hawley Swallow is anticipating the enjoyment next week of the society of her niece. Before arranging, however, to move to other rooms, Mr. John Henry Greave would be obliged to learn if the niece of Mrs. Incheape Hawley Swallow is given to drink." Quick came the response: "Mrs. Incheape Hawley Swallow begs most indignantly to assure Mr. John Henry Greave, in reply to his last insulting communication, that her niece is not given to drink." Whereupon the selfish man sat down and composed this final epistle: "Mr. John Henry Greave presents his respects and compliments to Mrs. Incheape Hawley Swallow, and is delighted to learn from her that her niece is not given to drink, as, while always willing to oblige ladies, Mr. John Henry Greave thinks that, such being the case, Mrs. Incheape Hawley Swallow's niece is as capable of going upstairs to bed as Mr. John Henry Greave himself." *Finis.*

No, not *finis*. There was still another shot in Mr. John Henry Greave's quiver for Mrs. Incheape Hawley Swallow. She had recently been in Europe, and had brought home some lovely specimens of ecclesiastical art. Mr. John Henry Greave asserted a day or two later in his paper that Mrs. I. H. S. had bought all these pretty but, to her, useless things under the impression that they were marked with the family monogram. Mrs. Incheape Hawley Swallow has fled from New York in consequence, and is said to be contemplating the charms of perpetual meditation far from the madding crowd in the seclusion of some quiet convent.

a million which he is said to have refused in '76 and the cost of the estate to its present purchaser cannot entirely be set down to the depreciation in landed property.

I have lost an old friend. My old friend has sat day after day for the last five-and-twenty years, in sunshine and rain, in winter cold and summer heat, on the pavement at the north side of St. Martin's Church. Welsh, that was his name, lost his sight many years ago in a mining accident in Wales and came to London, and started making and selling nets in St. Martin's Place with his little dog at his side. Thousands of Londoners must have known him. I have had the pleasure of his acquaintance since he first came to town, have seen a succession of canine friends seated beside him, and have always found him cheerful, grateful, and contented. He knew his friends by their voices, and was always ready with a hearty greeting. The last time Welsh occupied his accustomed seat was on Christmas Eve. He took a chill, bronchitis supervened, and the cold "snap" of bitter weather has snapped the thread of his existence at the age of fifty-seven. I saw his young daughter in the old spot a day or two ago, with Nell, his little dog, beside her. Both were sad, but the dog seemed almost the sadder of the two, with her large, brown, mournful eyes, and with none of her old alertness. Of the many who cared for poor Welsh none loved him better than his little Nell, who met his 'bus every day at the church corner, and who goes day after day despondently to see the 'buses drive up, hoping to meet the master she loved so well, but whom no 'bus will ever bring to greet her wistful glance again.

A good use for City churches is suggested by the service held in St. Bride's, Fleet Street, a fine specimen of Wren's architecture, and famous as the burial place of Richardson. It is warmed in these days for a congregation of about twelve or fifteen persons, but last week Mendelssohn's "Elijah" was performed, and the people, most of them very poor, simply pressed in crowds to hear the oratorio rendered by the choir of the Kyrle Society. Of course, without an orchestra the full effect of "Elijah" cannot be reached, and the overpowering nature of a chorus like "Baal, we cry to thee!" needs a choir as large as Mr. Barnby's. But out of the dismal haunts behind Fleet Street this folk came, listened devoutly, and went away, it may be imagined, edified. This sort of thing might be more frequently done.

There has been quite an epidemic of that excellent institution, marriage, for the past few weeks, and weddings have been following one on the other with bewildering celerity, and consequent heavy demands of present-giving. One lady, with a large acquaintance and a disproportionate allowance of pin-money, told me that during sale time she invested in a "manufacturer's stock" of parasols, which a reckless tradesman made over to her at five shillings a piece "all round," and these, she fondly hopes, will carry her through all the matrimonial surprises of her friends for at least the current year. "You will be called the umbrella woman," I told her, but she said that reputation was only a bubble, or an airy nothing.

Before leaving the wedding subject, let me inform all and sundry young ladies who contemplate the step, or may presently be persuaded to do so, that orchids are now as much *de rigueur* for this blissful and beautiful occasion as the traditional and hitherto indispensable orange-blossom. Brides abroad have at last broken the long-established trammels of the latter, and at two very smart weddings which are to come off in town after Lent white orchids are to be worn instead of the emblematic flower of Hymen.

I feel constrained to point out a crying want in the otherwise excellent arrangements of St. George's Hospital, one which has lately come under my notice through the illness of a friend. Notwithstanding numerous and important operations which constantly take place at this hospital, there is only one private operating-room, and occasions of an extremely trying nature are of frequent occurrence in the wards as an inevitable consequence, before the eyes, too, of convalescents, whose nerves can ill bear the painful sights which should, properly speaking, be relegated to the private operating-chamber. Here is work for a rich philanthropist—good work. By building on a couple of rooms, the ward-patient's condition would necessarily be rendered infinitely more comfortable. I sincerely hope the question will be taken up and set right by someone who wields the far-reaching power of money.

Those dwellers in caravans garnished with many articles of basket-work whom we are in the habit of calling "gypsies," though I doubt if there is much pure Romany blood among them, seem no more welcome on the southern than on the northern suburban heights—at least, as residents. A few weeks ago the Hampstead folks took the law into their own hands, and "moved on" a family who were occupying a piece of common land, and the other Sunday, in what a short time ago was a meadow on the Raleigh Hall estate (now in the hands of the building fiend), I saw a curious scene of somewhat the same character. There were about a dozen caravans, which, with their occupants—men, women, children, dogs, goats, cocks and hens—had made a camp in this spot for many weeks, much to the annoyance of their more solidly established neighbours. On the Sunday in question the well-appointed brougham of the owner of the property made a morning call on the caravans, and the occupant suggested a speedy exodus on the part of the gypsies. These latter were reluctant to take the hint, but a strong argument in the shape of six stalwart constables arrived, and then, in less time than one would have believed possible, rough horses and rougher ponies were harnessed to the vehicles, clothes drying comfortably in the sun and breeze were brought home from the wash, domestic pets, dirty children, pots, kettles, and cauldrons were collected, household goods were packed with a celerity that would have excited the envy of a professional furniture-mover, and one by one the laden caravans filed slowly off, to find a resting-place in some other spot for as long as the inhabitants choose to put up with their undesirable proximity.

Curiosities in the way of clock manufacture have been recorded many a time and oft, but rarely, if ever, I think, in the annals of horology has any reference been made to a clock made of bread-crumbs. Such an oddity, however, is said to be extant in the city of Milan. It was constructed, so the story goes, a century and a half back, by a deft workman who could not afford to purchase the metal required for the making of an ordinary clock. So he skilfully utilised some of the crumbs from his scanty modicum of the staff of life, and this he thoroughly solidified by the plentiful addition of salt. The result was the formation of a bread-crumbs clock, much more wonderful than the gingerbread and chocolate toys to be seen at old-time fairs or in the shops of latter-day confectioners.

Gunpowder as the motive power of a flying machine seems rather a large article of faith to accept without the unbelieving grain of salt. Yet I am assured and reassured by scientists of reputation that Professor Bell is on the right track in his use of this lively argument as a propeller for his new invention. The flying machine in question can, it appears, defy not only gravitation but the course of the winds, and the operator

can steer east or west as his fancy leads him. Niggers are cheap in Washington, so a "black gen'man" has been found who risks his life at so many dollars a time while this modern Gunpowder Plot is in process of experiment. Meanwhile, between the forthcoming flying tests in Vienna and those in Washington, both systems of which are declared by whole colleges of scientists to be not only possible but practicable, we may shortly hope to find ourselves in undeniably exalted positions of an aerial if not social character.

There is a little story which has just floated over from the other side of the herring-pond *à propos* of M. St. Gaudens' design for the World's Fair medal. This artist has, it would seem, been exercising an efflorescent imagination to such purpose in his design that the secretary has ordered all work on the dies to be stopped at the mint, on the ground that the medal is gross, not to say indecent. Of course, M. St. Gaudens is furious; he says the Senators are a lot of old women, and that his modelled nude male figure which represents America is anatomically excellent. One statesman says it is "shocking," another "outrageous," and a third has actually gone the length of declaring that "St. Gaudens ought to be fined."

Criminals in America are, unfortunately for themselves, not always turned off with that neatness and despatch which marks the professional hangman's exploits in this country. The electric execution some time since was a nameless horror, and now we have a case in the man Painter, at whose execution in New York, on Jan. 26, an accident occurred to the rope, which gave way at the vital moment and so precipitated the unfortunate criminal to the ground below, a drop of seven feet. Accidents will happen, but surely in cases of this intense and tragic nature they might be rendered less liable.

Mr. Pinero constituted himself the panegyrist of praise—it seems a tautological function—at the dinner of the Playgoers' Club, and his remarks have caused the creation of many weary words in certain quarters. But I don't think it has been recalled that he put his plea

R. JOPE-SLADE, President.

EDWARD ROSE, Vice-President.

FOUNDED 1884

The Playgoers' Club.

TENTH.

Annual Dinner,

The Criterion,

Jan. 26, 1894.

Chairman:

R. JOPE-SLADE.

CARL HENTSCHEL, Hon. Treasurer.

FERCY HOUSE, Hon. Secretary.

DESIGN BY AUBREY BEARDSLEY. PRODUCED BY CARL HENTSCHEL.

into the mouth of one of his characters—Mr. Richard Phenyl to wit—who on one notable occasion reproached his friend Hale with invariably finding fault. "Do try to commend a little more, Clement," he said—"to praise, to encourage. Much may be done by kindness." Will it make a dramatist?

It is probably in this belief that society ladies in New York have just formed "The Kind Word." That is what they call a society through which they may obtain excellent servants from the country. Similarly, girls and women willing to leave the city for work in the country can hear of good homes. The servants pay nothing.

MR. FRAMPTON AND HIS LATEST WORK.

Meeting our new Associate the other day, I congratulated him upon his freshly acquired honours, and thought of *The Sketch* editor's request for a little talk with him.

"Yes," he said, in answer to a leading question, "I am up now, but I have had 'downs,' very low 'downs.' In '78 I was stone-carving, and, the spirit of adventure being strong within, I went to Paris, where I arrived with precisely ten shillings in my pocket. Fortunately, in the train I scraped acquaintance with an English-speaking Frenchman. He, with much kindness, wrote me out a sort of begging-letter, asking for work. This was very necessary, I found, though at the time, with an Englishman's vanity, I expected to be understood everywhere, notwithstanding that no word of French did I understand. Well, pretty nearly my first attempt succeeded. I mounted the scaffolding in front of the Hôtel de Ville, then building, and presented my letter to the foreman, and obtained work there and then. I was in clover; but clover occasionally gets chewed up. One day my fellow-workmen asked me, 'Are you *Allemand*?' I said 'Yes,' misapprehending. Then came the climax—there was no more work for me at the Hôtel de Ville; and worse, I found my room broken into, my trunk opened, and the little hoard saved from my work gone. So my first Paris trip ended. I wrote to friends at home, and starved until I received my fare money."

"And then?"

"I entered the Royal Academy Schools from Lambeth, the home of the Renaissance of English sculpture, whence comes also Harry Bates, A.R.A., as well as half-a-dozen younger sculptors of whom the public is yet to hear. At the R.A. Schools I tried twice for the gold medal, succeeding the second time. Professor Marshall did me the honour to say about my first attempt that it showed the greatest knowledge of anatomy imaginable. The late Sir Edgar Boehm, seeing my work for the first time in the Academy Schools, engaged me to work for him at the Avenue, Fulham Road, giving me there a studio to myself. Before



MR. FRAMPTON.

Photo by W. Colton.

he died Sir Edgar gave me a copy of his celebrated head of Carlyle, which I prize greatly. In 1888, I think, I gained the gold medal and travelling studentship."

"Now, what is the real story of that little terra-cotta head in possession of the Queen, if it may be made public?"

"That is very soon told. I went down to Wales in connection with some terra-cotta work on the Constitutional Club. The proprietor of the clay-works had a little daughter with a charming head. I made a model of it, and had it fired. Some little time after, her Majesty,

happening to pass, requested to be shown examples of the industry of the place. Among other things was brought to her my little head, which so took her fancy that she requested to be allowed to keep it, so ordered it away in her carriage there and then. It is now, I think, at Balmoral, but I am not sure. That is the whole story."

"You were talking just now of the Renaissance of English sculpture. You think with me, do you not, that French sculpture is on the decline, descending from vulgarity to vulgarity?"

"Yes; certainly. England is the future home of sculpture as certainly, though some may think it a bold thing to say, as Greece was in the past. We are all struggling at present against insular prejudice, and worse, insular indifference; but the time will come."

Mr. Frampton then went on to tell me that his first steps to fame were the exhibition of his "Singing Boy" and his "Angel of Death." The latter he has since presented to the Peckham Art Gallery.

Mr. Frampton is thirty-three years old, being the youngest Associate, and was married last year at St. George's, Hanover Square. He does not live in the Buckingham Palace Road, neither has he done work on the National Liberal Club, nor executed a frieze in the South Kensington Museum, as your contemporaries have stated. He is a great student of architecture, and is not above executing all classes of work well, from an Ionic cap to a portrait bust, ideal figure, group, or grand façade. His coloured plaster work is quite a thing of his own, and he is decorating St. Clement's Church, Bradford, and Manchester Cathedral in this manner.



A TERRA-COTTA BUST IN THE POSSESSION OF THE QUEEN.

Drawn by Mr. Frampton, from memory, for "The Sketch."

WAXWORK EXHIBITIONS.

"Time works wonders: these are waxwork wonders," so remarked Mr. J. L. Toole in "The Princess of Trebizonde" in the far-off days at the Gaiety, and waxwork wonders are very remarkable wonders indeed. Only a few weeks ago I was in what I heard a tourist call the Custance Museum, in Brussels. Dear me! how many dear old friends I again made acquaintance with. There was Frederick the Great chatting with M. Arouet de Voltaire. The last time I saw the philosopher king and the sage of the lakes was in a show in the Friedrichstrasse, Berlin. "Sonsie lassies sat around drinking beer to the music's sound"—at least, they did so in the adjoining room. And then there was our Prince of Wales, to flatter the superior Teuton, made to look like the first-cousin to the Manchester Idiot. And there was the German Emperor, a phrenologically developed Kaiser, sage, and warrior. It is rather odd, but since our relations with Germany have been on a better footing the Prince of Wales (in wax) has been depicted as a manly, healthy warrior, who might any day be smoking indifferent Hamburg Havannahs by the duck or swan pond in the Thiergarten. Lord Wolseley, too, has brightened up considerably, and no longer has the air of a Flemish *piou-piou* clad in khaki and light blue nether garments.

As to the popularity of wax characters, it is rather curious to notice the different degrees of excellence. Even Burke and Hare go down fairly well on the Continent, having a sort of respectable, lasting reputation, such as "The Bohemian Girl" holds, say, at the Dunkirk Theatre. Yet at Antwerp, Brussels, Hamburg, Berlin, Amsterdam, &c., from Maas to Danube's mouth, Mr. Stanley reigns supreme. At one time Dumollard was a great catch, Mrs. Maybrick only middling, Shakspeare (when shaved being capable of conversion into the Iron Chancellor), Lola Montez (somewhat in the sere and yellow leaf), and Martin Luther running about level. Fanny Elssler, with castanets, has been taken off the red-baize-coloured boards for some time past—standing on one leg is not good business for a waxwork dame who happens to be an over-matured siren since the days when she was first moulded.

AN IRREFUTABLE ARGUMENT.

SHE: "So that is Travers-Russell's yacht. I understand he is highly connected in England—belongs to an old aristocratic family."

HE: "Oh, that's impossible! Why, he pronounces his name exactly as it's spelt!"—Puck.

BASSANO'S TYPES OF ENGLISH BEAUTY.



THE COUNTESS OF ANNESLEY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

"THE HUMOUR OF HOLLAND."*

A. Werner—Mr., Mrs., or Miss—is responsible for a book of 400 pages less two, and twenty-four pages of introduction, on what seems the unpromising subject, "The Humour of Holland." Unpromising it appears, for many a man who professes to be a polyhistor would



Two people are never at the same moment equally angry with one another.

cheerfully deny that there ever was a Dutch humourist of any importance. What of Holland's humour one knows is such as may be discovered from the somewhat clumsy jests in the pictures of Jan Steen, Teniers, and Brouwer, and in Lord Beaconsfield's unkind joke at the Batavian humour of the late Mr. Beresford-Hope. However, he would be a daring man who denied that our brave old sea enemies lack the *vis comica* when he has the 400 pages less two in front of him as evidence.

The compiler, forgetful of the maxim "*Qui s'excuse s'accuse*," begins by suggesting that to most people the subject is like the famous chapter "Of Snakes in Ireland," by which, no doubt, Iceland is meant. However, in the end it is proved that such a thing as Dutch humour exists, and the only question is whether one is capable of appreciating it or not. It is strongly characteristic of the country—broad, tranquil, slow, earnest, and conscientious. When the Dutch wit has a joke he does not trifle with it. You will not find him hinting or suggesting the point, or leaving it to the intelligence of another person to guess it. Not a bit; he does not mean to run any risk. He treats the receptive faculty of his victim as if it were a walled town, and besieges it as in the days when our army "swore terribly in Flanders," as Uncle Toby said. He fillips it in with a "three-man beetle," and crushes out the last possible spark of humour.

Of course, this takes time, which in Holland hardly means money. That book by Jules Verne, "Dr. Ox's Experiment"—I have it not at hand to quote from—which tells how, until excited by pressure of free oxygen, the people were accustomed to have two evenings spent over an ordinary opera, and have the "scherzos" taken at "largo" pace, applies perfectly to the heroic nation whose struggles against the Spaniards are among the most splendid things in the history of the human race. It is told, perhaps, never before in print that an American once was travelling on the Dutch South-Eastern Railway, and being weary of the pace—curious that there is no contrary term in our language to "pace"—got into conversation with the guard, who collected tickets on the way. Towards the close the guard observed that "Man and boy, I have spent thirty years on this railway." "Well," answered the Yankee, "at which station did you join?"

This view of the humour of the worthy people who by John Bull are supposed to wear thirteen-waistcoats, smoke long pipes, and drink Hollands all day if of the inferior sex, or to make washing-day like the "properest day to drink" of the old catch if wearers of petticoats, is shared

by A. Werner, as may be seen from this extract: "The Netherlander likes his fun pretty obvious and not too concentrated. And the main characteristic of the said fun is its breadth—or rather what the Germans call *Breite*, for the English word by no means conveys exactly the same idea. 'Long-windedness' alone does not express it. Coleridge's nimety or too muchness (which he calls a characteristic fault in the German literary temperament) is much nearer the mark." The consequence is that quotation is difficult; indeed, an extract from most of the facetiae would be very much like the brick which the fool in the tale carried about to show the kind of house that he had to sell. There are thirty pages of newspaper jokes, but one quickly sees that scissors and paste are as important to a Dutch editor as to any other newspaper director. Cast your joke upon the waters and it will return after many days—probably from America or Holland. However, it's a wise wag that knows his own joke again after it has passed through the papers.

Nevertheless, the book has its charm and interest. The charm lies chiefly in the numerous illustrations by our brilliant contributor, Mr. Dudley Hardy, of which we reproduce two examples. In one respect he has not caught the spirit of the book, for his drawings are lively, and full of point and character. Few artists could make such a picture as his out of the simple joke, "At a Restaurant": "Snugger (who has been waiting an hour for his beefsteak): 'Look here, waiter, are you the same that put this plate on the table?' Waiter: 'Yes, sir.' Snugger: 'Heavens! you've grown out of all knowledge since then!'"

The interest arises in part from the way in which light is thrown by the book on modern American humour. Everyone knows how powerful has been the influence of the Dutch on the character of some of the Americans; anyone who does not ought to read at once that delightful comic work, "Knickerbocker's History of New York"—in my opinion, the cleverest work of Washington Irving. Now, the comic ideas of the American cannot be directly traced to our own ancestors. There is not any sign of a mere modification of wit exported from England; in fact, Washington Irving's comic history shows distinct signs of Dutch influence in train of thought.

"In the Little Republic," by L. H. J. L. Hurrelbrinck—one of the cleverest things in the book—bears a family likeness to the "Knickerbocker" history that might be the result of mere imitation, but probably comes simply from inheritance of like ideas from the common source. It is a notable fact that a large portion of the book—rather more than an eighth—has been written by the popular "Multatuli," really Edward Dowes Dekker, an author whose work shows an alertness of mind not easily found in his compatriots. In truth, looking at the specimens of his work, one is disposed to see a flavour of the style of Richter. One cannot pretend that "Multatuli" has the depth, the tenderness, or the remarkable range of Jean Paul, or, on the other hand, his irritating obscurity and fantastic formlessness; yet one immediately thinks of the immortal author of "Titan" when reading "Fancy's Fairy Tale."

Were it not for "Multatuli's" work, I should think that Werner's task was a rash one or ill carried out; as it is, although one cannot pretend that "The Humour of Holland" is a book calculated to make



JEWISH COURTSHIP.

Rachel: "But, Moses, lad, you say you are so fond of me—would you really go through the fire for me?"

Moses: "Of course, Rachel, darling—that is to say, if I was well insured."

the princess of the fairy tales recover her lost gift for laughter, yet one finds in it much that is pleasing and interesting, while the drawings of Mr. Dudley Hardy make a very pretty book of it, and sometimes give point to a very blunt jest.

E. F.-S.

* "The Humour of Holland." (Library of Humour.) London: Walter Scott, Limited.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.



A FREETHINKER of Castel Gondolfo.

by
George Fleming.

Michelina, the little model from Castel Gondolfo, told me this. It was one afternoon, when she had been sitting for M'Carthy's Academy "nude"—the big Venus, we always told him, looked so exactly like his washerwoman when her clothes were in the tub; but that was not the fault of Michelina, who was a very good little girl, and very pretty, and who told me this story before going away, while she warmed her feet at the fire.

"It was my own father," she said; "but you must understand it was years before he was my father—years before he took the wine-shop or married Mamma, and years and years before any of us were born or thought of. Afterwards he was my father—*capisce*?—but then, he was young, just like anybody else, and he worked in the Nonno's fields at home, and when there was wine or oil to sell he put it all on a big ox-cart, and covered it over with fresh green leaves in the proper fashion, and drove it all the way along the side of the hills, under the trees, to the market-place at Albano.

"You, gentlemen, *non son mica Cristiani*—you are not Christians at all," says little Michelina, shaking her long earrings and looking straight over at Dysart, who had just left Oxford and had feelings—assorted feelings—about Ritualism; "but you come over here in crowds from outside, and you make statues, and you make pictures, and that is work for us. And the Madonna is very kind. I don't think myself you will be damned—not all of you," she added, with an infinite urbanity. "Still, certainly, it would not have done to talk of that to Father Gabriele. Father Francesco was parish priest at Genzano, and Father Teobaldo was parish priest at Ariccia, and at Castel Gondolfo we had our own Father Gabriele. And when the oil was not wanting for one altar, or the corn and the chestnuts had all been blessed, and a little portion carried home for each good Father to taste—as was only just and fitting—there were always all the brethren in the big convent on the other side of the lake, who never touch ought but clear water at their meals—holy men!—except by dispensation or in case of urgent sickness. That was why my own father and other young men of his age and his way of thinking would speak of the time of the new wine-making as 'the sickly season.' And ill words have a hundred legs. So that these things, and others, came to the ears of Father Gabriele, who thereupon took his stick in his hand, clapped his hat on his head, and climbed up the hillside to call upon the Nonno.

"I have heard my father and my grandfather tell the story of it a hundred times—how, when all the proper courtesies had passed, and his reverence had tucked up his skirts and was seated under the arbour, with a glass of last year's best before him and this year's green grapes hanging down over the top of his tonsured head—'A fine house, a rich house, Sor Michele,' he begins, looking up and down the fields, and taking no manner of notice that my father was busy cutting the young vine-shoots not ten yards away. 'A rich house—the richest in my parish,' he says, and crosses his legs one over the other, with the flat steel buckles twinkling in the sun.

"'Ec—ch,' says my grandfather, 'his reverence will have his little joke with us.' Then he picks up a clod of earth and crumbles it up between his fingers and looks at it, and turns it over, and smells it, and then throws it away from him, as if it were too poor stuff even to

mention in such company. 'Lacking horses, a man drives donkeys, your reverence. And the thirsty ass will drink dirty water—as his reverence knows better than I,' says my grandfather, very innocently, and goes to fill up Don Gabriele's glass. And my father snickered, bending his head down over his vines.

"'Sor Michele, Sor Michele, 'tis an expensive donkey that kicks its own master,' says his reverence, looking very dark. 'And 'tis I who hope you may not find it out for yourself—when it is too late, Sor Michele,' he says, picking with his hand at his black soutane.

"Then my grandfather, who was an old white wolf for cleverness—the saints have his soul!—saw he had gone too near the fire. '*Con rispetto*, what is that?' he asks, as if he had not heard or understood. 'Was your reverence meaning my little old she-ass who carries down the baskets to Albano of a morning? *Affedio*! I was just thinking in my mind it would be easy for her to stop at the *canonica* door on her way down. It would be an honour to us all, and she would feel it, poor beast, if his reverence's cook would just look over the baskets.' She knows when her load is lightened; she understands like any Christian,' says my grandfather, feeling uneasy.

"'Sor Michele, Sor Michele, be careful that there are not better Christians in your cow-stable than about your hearthstone,' says Don Gabriele, very solemnly; and at that my own father drops his big vine-cutter and steps up nearer, dragging his old hat off his curly head with both hands. 'Perhaps, if your reverence is kindly speaking of me,' he begins, half-laughing, for he was a lion of courage, was my father; but he never got a chance to finish what he meant to say.

"For his reverence jumped up, leaving his full glass untouched before him, and for those who knew him that was enough to turn one's flesh and blood into plaster. 'Sor Michele, and thou, Michele's son, I say it to both of you alike: this is but the beginning of the working week, but before the end, before Sunday at early Mass, I shall have seen you down on your four knees in the dust. In the dust of the common highway you shall kneel, before the weight of your sins of pride and stiff-neckedness and evil speaking of dignities be lifted from off your miserable souls. You shall kneel there, and it is I, your parish priest, with authority to loose and to bind, who tells you so. *In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti*,' says Father Gabriele, making a great sign of the cross.

"And it is a fact, for I have heard my father tell it a thousand times, that his skirts got longer and longer, and his cassock was blacker and blacker, and his three-cornered hat overhung his brows like a thunder-cloud, and his voice was like the thunder, terrible to hear—it came from under the ground. Only the flat, priestly shoe-buckles never altered; they twinkled and shone like the eyes of serpents in the poor innocent grass.

"When he was safely away down the hill, 'By Diana and Diogenes!' says my father, 'where the fox has been, there you can smell his skin,' says my father, scratching his head.

"But the Nonno, he was a true wolf for wisdom. 'Silence, thou disgrace of my ruined home! O thou misbegotten! thou law-breaker! Truly, truly it is said, "Sons to bring up, iron to chew." Come, come thou hither to me, that I may break every bone in thy body,

ungrateful one! O youth without an education! "In the dust," says the priest. I, Michele di San Orso, with my old knees in his dust! Now St. Michael and all good angels be between us and evil! Amen. On my knees in the highway dust! God keep us all from the rage of the wind, from women who talk Latin, and from a priest outside of his own churchyard," says my grandfather. And all that evening he sat before the door of the house, thinking and thinking, and his thoughts—for he was a prudent man—lay heavy, like lead, upon his stomach.

"And now, gentlemen, listen to what happened, for this was on a Monday that his reverence visited the house. And the working week passed, and every night 'Tis one more gone,' says my father, and his

Devil is dead,' says my father; 'or, if not, he is very old. I must ask his reverence,' he says to himself, and laughs out loud.

"His laughing made a strange, empty sort of noise, and the near ox lifted his heavy head and looked at him in the face, and blew out a great breath from his nostrils. 'Mó—mó—mó-éh,' says the sad little voice, coming out of the dark shadows. Then my father clapped his hat on his head, and swore a great oath that sure it was the child of some neighbour, wandered out there by itself and lost and left to perish in the black night. And at that the blood seemed to flow back in his veins, and his heart got light with a bound. 'Wait, little one! Wait, thou smallest, I am coming!' he kept calling out, and he just steadied himself for a moment with his hand on the tail of the cart, for, because of what he had drunk that night, it seemed that the high road was grown unsteady. 'Have patience: I come, thou small one, thou littlest!' And all the time the thing kept on crying and calling, so that it was pity to hear. Under the bushes he found it. He found it, groping about with his hands in the dark—something warm and soft and living—and after he touched it it became quite still. A little, small thing it was, not more than two years old by the size of it, and dressed in a little goat-skin coat. But, for all that, it shook and trembled like a leaf when my father held it in his arms.

"In the dust—I, Caesar, son of Michael—I was to have knelt in the dust before a fat, dusty priest, and behold! I return like Caesar of Rome, like our ancients—*i nostri antichi*—and white oxen draw my chariot," says my father, climbing back to his old place upon the cart. 'Go on, my beauties, go on,' he says, still out loud, for the road just there, under the ilex-trees, is a very dark road at night. 'Mó—mó,' says the thing in his arms.

"Is it crying for its mammy, eh? Now, the Holy Virgin, our Blessed Mother, keep thee until I can find and restore thee to thy own mother's breast, thou most unhappy," says my father, very tenderly.

"Mó-éh-éh," says the thing, and at the name of the Most Holy Mother it began to struggle and kick like one possessed. And this shows how true it is that the Devil always leaves one door open to the saints, for, when the thing began its antics, 'Sleep,' says my father very gently to the creature in his arms; 'sleep. Thou wast lost—lost like a little

strayed lamb; yet I found thee; therefore sleep. The good God,' says my father, 'is very good. He sends the little tender new grass and the tender little new lambs together; and— Holy Saints! blessed St. Michael and all angels be with us!' says my father; and the blood stood frozen at his heart.

"For you must understand, gentlemen, that as he was coaxing and comforting that evil thing in the pitch darkness, behold! his hand passed over its head, and there, through the soft, silky baby curls that covered it, he felt—my father felt—two little, sharp, budding horns.

"Then he knew it for what it was, and how, by his own wanton speaking of holy men, he had fallen into the very clutch of the Evil One, and he all alone in an ox-cart, and coming to the bad turn of the road where the trees stop, and on one hand there is the hillside; sliding down like a precipice to the Roman Campagna, and on the other there is the Bottomless Lake.

"Mó—mó—mó-éh!" says the thing once more, and louder, for the Power was waxing stronger in it; and it struggled again, and this time



heart rose lighter and lighter inside him, like the wings of a little bird. But the Nonno, he said nothing. And on Saturday it was market-day at Albano, and what with this and with that, and a fright that one of the new oxen had gone lame, and the tasting a glass every time a bargain was finished, and another glass, or it might be two, while he told the story of Father Gabriele's prophecy to a friend—it was nearly ten o'clock, and every light was out in the village before my father turned his cart out of Albano gate. 'Tis one more day gone, and, by Diana! 'tis the last,' he says to himself, as the empty cart creaked, and the two brave beasts stepped out side by side, all white, under the trees, in the faint moonlight. For I must tell you there was a little, small, old moon that night, a witches' moon—when the horns point upward. 'Now the Holy Virgin stand between all good Christians and harm,' says my father, when he notices that, and crosses himself two or three times over. For it is one thing to talk in piazza, and another to be out, all alone, in the black hollow of the night. And, for all his boasting, he was his own father's son, and knew better than to go on bleating in hearing of the wolf.

"Well, he drove on. The cart creaked peacefully; the oxen chewed their cud, and under the thick trees their breath was like the breath of fresh-cut hay and flowers in a room. 'Mother of Mercy! what is that?' yells my father, starting up to his feet in the ox-cart, and the skin crawled and shivered all over his bones.

"Far on in front, under the Gallery, as we call it, where the road was darkest even by day, he was aware of a little, faint sound of a calling. It might have been a strayed lamb or a kid; it might have been a little, small lost child in pain. It called and called, and all the night was very still. 'Illusions,' says my father. 'Old women's tales,' says my father. 'It was that last glass of red. I must tell Toni, and how we will laugh!' says my father. Then the thing called again, and a cold wind played about the roots of his hair.

"But he was a lion, gentlemen, was my father, and a roaring Roman lion he showed himself that night. 'Courage,' he says to himself. 'Courage, Caesar, my son. The



my father felt the evil horns pressing and pricking through his shirt above his heart.

"Then, all at once, the mists of the wine had left him; the knowledge of things as they are came back to him, and behold! once more he became as a lion—a Roman lion. He shut his eyes tight. 'In the name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!' he said, and he flung the accursed thing far, far out into the moonlight. 'Mé—mé—mé,' it called thrice over as it sped through the air, and by that time its voice had grown to be the voice of a woman. Then it fell into the lake, and either the water rose to meet it or it fell in and the waves closed over its horned head.

"My father never waited to see which it was. He leapt out of the cart on the other side, and it was not ten minutes—no, nor five, before he was knocking at the door of the priest's house and calling upon his reverence to help him. 'In the dust, in the dust, in the dust,' he said, and he knelt there all the time good Don Gabriele was waking from his first sleep and getting into his buckled shoes and his cassock.

"And that was how my own father conquered the Devil; but he was a good Christian, you see, *signori miei*—not like you others from outside," said Michelina, warming her little feet before the studio fire.

MISS DOROTHY HANBURY.

It is given to very few vocalists to score so sudden and early a success as that recently attained by Miss Dorothy Hanbury. This young lady has just arrived at the mature age of twelve years. She has now joined the company of "Morocco Bounders," and nightly delights the audiences at the Trafalgar Theatre with her quaint rendering of old English ballads. She has been studying for five years under Madame Helen Townshend, to whose careful training she attributes her great success. Miss Hanbury's voice is now a low mezzo of remarkable depth and fulness, and will, doubtless, in time develop into a pure contralto. Her perfect and



Photo by Hills and Saunders, Sloane Street, S.W.

MISS DOROTHY HANBURY.

artistic method of rendering her songs reflects great credit on her teacher, especially as her knowledge of instrumental music is as yet limited. She sometimes responds to her nightly encore at the Trafalgar with Mr. Lane Wilson's "Voices of the Angels," a great favourite of hers. Despite her tender years, Miss Hanbury is by no means a novice, having sung at a concert at Steinway Hall when only eight years of age. Her first appearance on the theatrical stage was at the performance given at Drury Lane for the Theatrical Fund last year. Subsequently, she sang at a series of concerts given by Mr. Isidore de Lara, and, later, at Mr. Arthur Blackmore's benefit at the Shaftesbury Theatre. Miss Dorothy is anxious to shine as an operatic star, and is very enthusiastic with regard to her vocation. She informed me with charming *naïveté* that she would strongly advise anyone to adopt the profession, and thinks it altogether delightful.

THE REVOLT OF THE DAUGHTERS.

(WITH ALL PROPER APOLOGIES.)

MRS. FEATHER, aged 48. MISS FEATHER, aged 18.

Mrs. F. The less a girl of your age knows about the world the better, Flora.

Miss F. Is it so very wicked, Mamma?

Mrs. F. I'm sorry to say it is, my dear.

Miss F. But why was it made so wicked, Mamma?

Mrs. F. Now, child, don't bother me! Go on with your drawing.

Miss F. (*touching up her drawing*). Men are allowed to be wicked, aren't they, Mamma?

Mrs. F. (*grimly*). They are, anyhow.

Miss F. (*sighing*). Ah! Do you know much about the world?

Mrs. F. I've been obliged to, my dear.

Miss F. When shall I be obliged to, Mamma?

Mrs. F. Not yet, Flora. Do go on with—

Miss F. When I'm twenty-one, Mamma?

Mrs. F. (*sharply*). Don't talk nonsense.

Miss F. Of course, when I marry, Mamma?

Mrs. F. Unless you go on with your—

Miss F. Oh, all right, Mamma. (*A pause.*) Are the boys wicked?

Mrs. F. (*wisely*). Girls and boys are very different, my dear.

Miss F. Yes. I wonder why, Mamma?

Mrs. F. (*thankfully*). And your father looks after them.

Miss F. (*disconsolately*). But I don't see why I shouldn't go in the Underground without Parker at my heels.

Mrs. F. Perhaps you don't; I do, my dear.

Miss F. (*curiously*). What would happen to me on the Underground?

Mrs. F. Now, Flora, you're being very silly. If you won't do your drawing, get a book and read quietly.

Miss F. Oh! very well, Mamma, only I should like to know—

Mrs. F. Now, Flora!

Miss F. Oh, very well. [*She takes a book from the cushion of the chair.*]

Mrs. F. What's that book, darling?

Miss F. Oh, just a story, Mamma.

Mrs. F. Is it from the library?

Miss F. No; Charley lent it to me.

Mrs. F. What is it called?

Miss F. It's very interesting, and I read a review saying that it was an—I think it said—an authentic and articulate cry of human pain.

Mrs. F. (*with natural suspicion*). Let me look at it, Flora.

Miss F. But I'm reading it now, Mamma.

Mrs. F. That's why, my dear. Come, Flora, let me see it.

Miss F. Oh, bother! [*However, she hands the book to Mrs. F.*]

Mrs. F. Don't twiddle your thumbs, Flora.

Miss F. Is that wrong, too?

Mrs. F. (*inspecting book*). "In the Mire." Hum!

Miss F. (*explanatorily*). It's all about men, Mamma.

Mrs. F. (*turning a leaf*). Good gracious! How much of this have you read, pray, Flora?

Miss F. A good deal. It's about a girl who goes to a music-hall and—

Mrs. F. (*petrified*). Goes where?

Miss F. A music-hall—not in London, you know—in Paris, and—Mamma, are music-halls in Paris better or worse than they are in London, because it says—

Mrs. F. Well, I shall speak to Charley.

[*She tucks the book into the cushions at her back.*]

Miss F. What are you doing, Mamma? Please give it me.

Mrs. F. You ought to be ashamed of yourself.

Miss F. I believe you are going to read it yourself.

Mrs. F. (*flushing slightly*). It's my duty to see if it is fit—

Miss F. But you've decided it isn't, Mamma.

Mrs. F. I must beg you not to be impertinent. When I was your age—

Miss F. (*singing gently*). "Linger longer, Lucy, linger longer, Loo."

Mrs. F. (*pathetically*). Where do you pick up those vulgar—

Miss F. It's not vulgar. And if it was, the boys sing it.

Mrs. F. (*seriously*). My darling Flora, you must believe that what I do is for the best. When you grow older—

Miss F. (*eagerly*). Yes, Mamma?

Mrs. F. (*vaguely*). It will be different.

Miss F. (*longingly*). Oh, I do hope so!

Mrs. F. When I was young, nice girls didn't want to—

Miss F. Oh, I hate nice girls!

Mrs. F. (*impressively*). It's nice girls who get married.

Miss F. (*wavering*). Is it? (*More firmly.*) I don't care—I don't want to be married.

Mrs. F. Bless the girl!

Miss F. I don't want to be like you.

Mrs. F. Well, I'm sure! And why not, Flora?

Miss F. You're just a slave of Papa's.

Mrs. F. (*feebly*). You're a wicked girl, Flora. You quite upset me. I must go to Dr. Smith—

Miss F. And I shall go to Dr. Brown.

Mrs. F. And tell him that you destroy my nerves—

Miss F. And I shall say that I can't sit in the room with you.

Mrs. F. And perhaps he'll be able to give me a tonic!

Miss F. And perhaps he'll tell me to go on the Underground!

[*Exeunt to their respective doctors.*]

JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

X.—DR. WILLIAM ALEXANDER, ABERDEEN.

It is almost one of the articles of faith in the creed of the Liberal party that the town of Aberdeen is granite politically as well as physically—analogy is such a tyrant: that a Liberal member will be returned for the Granite City as sure as the earth revolves. But it was not ever so. Toryism and the Church long reigned supreme, their claims being upheld by a journal that was nearly a hundred years old when



Photo by R. Brown, Inverary.

DR. WILLIAM ALEXANDER,
AUTHOR OF "JOHNNY GIBB OF GUSHETNEUK."

the first Reform Bill was passed in 1832. Then the breath of freedom swept onwards to the north. The centenarian sentinel continued to come forth week by week. Various rivals, eager to propagate something of the new movement, rose—and fell. At last, one May morning in 1853, there was born into the world the *Free Press*, the note of which was expressed in the good old-fashioned way as "agriculture, commerce, literature, free institutions, and responsible government." The editor was a simple farmer, self-made, almost self-taught, yet a man of almost statesmanlike quality. His chief assistant had been a journalist for but four months, and had been pitchforked from the country into Press life by an accident that precluded his following the active open-air life which harmonised with his early bent. From that day to the present he has been connected with the paper, and latterly with its evening offspring. He is Dr. William Alexander, and it is in great measure owing to the untiring labours of these two sons of the soil that the tenet of the Liberal creed already noted has become possible.

Journalism is purely a relative term. Dr. Alexander is as different from the London journalist of to-day, with his "go" and, at times, his flippancy, as black is from white; but he meets him on one common ground, the very essential of his craft—he understands his audience and its aspirations as a physician understands his patient's pulse. That is why he must be reckoned a true journalist. Living in a great agricultural district, he started his life's work equipped with a practical knowledge of this subject; four years ago he gave evidence before the Lords' Select Committee on Small Holdings. Then he displayed his tact on another subject of vital importance to his *clientèle* of readers. Mr. T. P. O'Connor recently spoke of the General Assemblies of the Established Church and the Free Church of Scotland as those great ecclesiastical Parliaments in which the Scotch, alone among modern civilised peoples, take any interest. In the great

Disruption struggle Aberdeen took a memorable stand on the side of the Free Church. Dr. Alexander early recognised the intense interest in this movement, and in addition to using his best efforts to bring the paper on which he worked into fuller sympathy with the Liberal side of Church politics, as found in Scottish Presbyterianism, he was, we believe, the first pressman to write descriptive notes of Assembly proceedings with characterisations of the leading debates. And he has not forgotten the claims to literature with which the paper started, for it was to the columns of the bi-weekly edition of the *Free Press* that Dr. Alexander first contributed "Johnny Gibb of Gushetneuk," which will probably remain the one and only prose classic in the Aberdeenshire dialect, the purest Doric of Scotland. When the great mass of his daily Press work has passed away, as all such work inevitably must, this book will remain, marking him out as a first-rate artist in letters. When an evening offshoot of the *Free Press* was started, some ten years ago, it was entrusted to the editorship of Dr. Alexander. But it is with the *Free Press* that he is popularly associated, and rightly so, for he had a heavy share in making it and in guiding its course in many ways at a time when the influence of the paper was markedly felt in "educating" the political sentiment of the district in which it circulates—converting the mass of essentially Tory tenant-farmers into robust Radicals, aiding them in fighting for redress of their grievances. To-day he must be regarded as one of the representative journalists of Scotland. The University of Aberdeen recognised him as such when it conferred on him the degree of LL.D.; the Institute of Journalists readily followed suit by making him a Fellow. To posterity his great legacy is pre-eminently "Johnny Gibb of Gushetneuk."

MISS GERTRUDE KINGSTON.

"Oh, my love he is a sailor."

On the principle that all of us have a perfect right to use our own patronymic coupled with those given by our sponsors at baptism, Miss Gertrude Kingston, of the present Drury Lane company, cannot be blamed because she has a namesake playing in "The Charlatan" at the Haymarket. At any rate, there is no likelihood of there being any confusion of persons between these two actresses in dramatic circles, for the "line" of the one differs altogether from that of the other. It is with respect to the burlesque actress in "Robinson Crusoe" that I would now say a word or two, whose comely form renders her such a shapely boy, whose roguish black eyes are incarnated lamps of fun and frolic, and whose perfect set of "ivories" could with difficulty be matched outside a dentist's show-case. Apart from her personality, Miss Kingston, as one of the sailors in the Drury Lane pantomime, is typical of the handsomest crew that ever handled a marline-spike or "spliced the mainbrace" in lemon-squash or Lockhart's cocoa; while as the Spirit of Pantomime, with her magic wand, she calls the factors of the harlequinade into existence in the most fairylike of costumes, and thus gives utterance to her invocation—

Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.
MISS KINGSTON.

"I call on one who, although he plays the fool,
Learnt how to do it in the good old school:
Blend old world fun with new, and it is plain
There's no fitter for the task than Harry Payne."

Seated in her pretty boudoir among the blossoms of flowers and the evidences of her own artistic talents, Miss Kingston could tell you that she is only a three-year-old in matters dramatic. Her first entry was for the "Aladdin" Stakes at the Royal at Manchester, when she weighed in as a Prince of India; then she ran over the Lyric course in the "La Cigale" Handicap; showed good form at the Prince of Wales's, Liverpool; took a good place in the "Pagliacci" Sweepstakes at the Palace, and sported her colours as Daisy Pelham in the "Life of Pleasure" spring and summer meetings at the "Lane." In spite of myself, I have dropped into racing parlance, for there is quite an air of sport about Miss Kingston's get-up, which, with her tight-fitting jacket, checked waistcoat, and smart stick-up collar, admirably suit her trim little figure. This, I venture to think, would look as "fetching" on the "pigskin" as in "tights" on the "boards."

T. H. L.

MISS GLADYS DORÉE.

From Photographs by Messrs. Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

Little Miss Gladys Dorée, now playing Hans, the lame boy, in "The Pied Piper," at the Comedy Theatre, has certainly good reason to conclude that she has been born under a lucky star. Surely never before has a child of eight years old at her first appearance on a stage had the good fortune to be called on to give utterance to the prose and poetry of a playwright and bard as celebrated as Robert Buchanan, to warble the music of a composer so tuneful as F. W. Allwood, and to claim as her first manager a gentleman so kindly disposed and highly cultivated as Mr. Comyns Carr, who, by-the-way, has shown no little acumen in selecting little Gladys Dorée to take the important part of Hans in this beautiful dramatic poem. That this mite of a child is a born actress there can be no question. No amount of training—and I am glad to hear there has been next to none—could instil the knowledge of histrionic art that Gladys Dorée exhibits in her every action. One feels prompted to speak of her as one would of an adult, so visibly influenced is she by every emotion of the part she plays. The crippled leg is a verisimilitude of physical distortion; her round eyes depict her feeling of wonderment at the appearance of the Piper to the life, and thoroughly artistic is the dreamy look in her blue eyes in their far-off gaze after the Piper has enthralled her with his mysterious powers.

Gladys really seems inspired and carried away by the emotion of the moment, while her practicality is prominent in her assiduous attention to the "business" of her part throughout, for I never once took my eyes off her while she was before the footlights. However, such talent can scarcely be spoken of as astonishing, since it has been transmitted by her father, Eric Thorne, and her mother, Miss Ada Dorée (no relation, by-the-way, of Miss Nadage Dorée), whose well-known vocal and dramatic achievements need no explanatory description. That Gladys is appropriately "dressed" is a matter of course, seeing that Mr. and Mrs. Comyns Carr are always accurate, and so her costume as Hans has been copied from the picture of the Pied Piper and the crippled boy by that fantastic artist, Pinwell.

The critic of a rare gold coin naturally turns from the obverse to the reverse, so I took advantage of an introduction to Gladys to study her off the stage in her own home circle. I forgot the brevity of her eight summers' span of life as she conversed with me like a grown-up young lady; I learnt her imitative powers in her "take-off" of Eugene Stratton and of Miss Letty Lind, whose light and fantastic steps she admirably reproduced; and I became aware that she could pipe many more songs than the three she gives in "The Pied Piper of Hamelin." No wonder it has been said that the play is chiefly written in the minor key, for the poetically pathetic tone of the piece and Gladys' infantine age doubly earn that remark.



"VITA."

"Vita"—just simply Vita—is the name by which the "pocket Venus," who is nightly entralling our senses at the Trocadero cares to be called. It is the pet name of her childhood, for she was emblematic of life, with its joyousness and gaiety, as befitting one born in "Frisco." Her father was an artist, and she an acrobat and an *équestrienne* in a circus from almost before she can remember to her eleventh year. From then her achievements in dancing and singing, gymnastics and burlesque acting form part of the history of several companies with which she has



Photo by Hills and Saunders, Sloane Street, S.W.

"VITA."

toured the world round twice over, while she takes pleasure in the knowledge that she is an adopted sister of the Farini family. Perhaps, if she had never visited India we might not have seen Vita here, for it was in our Eastern Empire that she picked up the "Kouta-Kouta" dance, or her adaptation of it. She had just left Stanley's Opera Company, and had joined Wilson's Circus, performing nightly the "Zazel Act," which so highly delighted a certain Maharanee and her suite of ladies that she was introduced to the palace and made much of, and the outcome of this friendship was that the Princess determined to be taught to ride by Vita. This royal acquaintance gave Vita opportunities of observing many modes of Eastern dancing, especially at the private wedding festivals, and you may be sure she treasured these particulars carefully. Subsequently, while travelling with an American company, with an extravaganza entitled "Elysium," she was called on to execute an Oriental dance, and she bethought her of her "Pica-paria" experiences. Probably "Elysium" gave ample opportunity for a voluptuous dance, seeing that it was adapted from "Mon Oncle Barbassou," written by M. Fléron, who was responsible for "The Clémenceau Case," in which a complete set of tights on one of the characters was as close-fitting as a "birthday dress." However, that is an incident outside Vita's actual record, and has no personal reference to the golden-tressed and blue-eyed *danseuse*, whose graceful steps, freely adapted from the Eastern Court, were thought sufficiently bewitching to help tempt the world to Chicago last year. It would be vain, indeed, to attempt to import to either print or picture the sensuous movement of her dance or the subtlety of her Terpsichorean invocation to her victim, which is so full of *diablerie* as to be consistent with the exposition of writhing ribbons as emblematical of the serpent.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The versatile and indefatigable Professor Blackie is still giving lectures in Scotland; though he is far on in the eighties, his mental and physical vigour are still very great. A biography of Professor Blackie has been written, authorised by himself; but it will not be published till after his death, an event which, it may be hoped, is still in the far future.

Oscar Wilde's play, "A Woman of No Importance," has been rewritten, so far as the third act is concerned, by Mr. Charles Coghlan, for performance in New York. Mr. Coghlan's production is said to be long and dreary; he has made one of the characters develop the story by the reading of a letter—a clumsy and hideous device.

The *Bookman* is now publishing an authoritative monthly report of the wholesale book trade. From the first it appears that the business done this Christmas was better than last, so that upon the whole the prevailing depression cannot have affected publishers so much as other business men. Perhaps the natural increase in the number of book readers is just enough to counteract the effects of the depression.

The competition between the London evening papers is, as is well known, very severe at present, and one of the best of them is said to be in the market. None but a strong capitalist can hope to handle any of them successfully.

There is nothing of the lounge about Dr. Jessopp himself. He is always much concerned about something. He can't understand the condition of the man, for instance, who goes to Brighton and doesn't see the museum there, and reflect on the significance of the objects therein. His "notion of holiday-making is the getting of a maximum of new information and new impressions at the cost of a minimum of discomfort and fatigue."

But, in spite of his abnormal thirst for instruction, Dr. Jessopp is an excellent companion for a lounge. He never taxes your brain over much, but talks on about his many interests garrulously, genially, and often very picturesquely. In his "Random Roaming" (Unwin) he takes you to East Anglia and elsewhere, and pours out his soul for your beguilement on antiquities, folk lore, reform, agriculture, and confides in you his cherished plans for model almshouses. To read him is like walking through a country parish with someone who is squire and journalist and parson and schoolmaster and antiquary and doctor all rolled in one.

A charming-looking book, issued by Messrs. Bell, with a cover that suggests *belles-lettres*, turns out to be Dr. Thudicum's "Treatise on Wines." It is scientific and viticultural rather than literary, but it contains so many pictures and descriptions of vine-growing and wine-making in all parts of the world that it does not frighten away the veriest amateur unless he be a teetotaler; indeed, its learned information is so conveniently arranged that it would be a test even for the morals of a teetotaler to read it and then not to try and talk like a *connoisseur*. Dr. Thudicum is a bold man, and, without apology or qualifying phrase of any kind, he says of wine: "It rouses the higher faculties of thought, memory, and imagination, the poetical forms of all phases of the mind; it increases the zest of life and its duration."

Mrs. Oliphant, the inexhaustible, is here, with "Lady William" (Macmillan). She has a rare talent of keeping her readers' respect, and the regularity of the quality of her work is more wonderful than the regularity of its quantity. There are not so many writers of one volume a year, or even writers of one volume for every three years, who could write so vigorous a picture of county society as "Lady William." There is not a trace of fatigue about it, and a more cleverly drawn group of commonplace, average, but quite distinctive people—the melodramatic ones are weaker—you could not easily find.

Another story, "Richard Escott," by a new writer, Mr. E. Cooper, is worth some attention. It is the history of a rake, written by a very moral person, one who thinks a rake is a very caddish kind of thing to be, but who is intellectually interested in his progress. There is a self-sufficient tone about the telling of the story, which becomes disagreeable at times, but that is its worst fault. How Escott outrages society, neglects his children, and then forces them into the worst of company, how he gambles and cheats till fatally wounded in a disreputable duel, may not seem a very edifying story. The squeamish reader need not, however, be afraid. Mr. Cooper is not fond of ugly detail, and the book is eminently good-mannered.

Its purpose can hardly be said to be fulfilled. Escott is just a trifle too stupid and incorrigible to be an impressive rascal. Mr. Cooper, at the bidding of a philosophic village carpenter, undertook to tell his story of sin and misery for the good of humanity. He could not have done so more vigorously; but he might have been completely successful had he once roused our sympathy for his villain.

An attractive portrait of Agnes Repplier, the American essayist, appears in the new number of the *Bookbuyer*. The *National Observer* amiably describes Mr. Lang as the true Miss Thackeray: perhaps it may be permissible to describe Miss Repplier as an American Andrew Lang. It is said that the lady, on a visit to England, met the famous essayist to whom she owes so much. She was fully equipped for a literary conversation, but, alas! to no purpose. The great man spent the precious moments in playing with a kitten.

O. O.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



VENUS: THE BATH.—ALBERT MOORE.

REPRODUCED FROM THE ORIGINAL, EXHIBITED AT THE GRAFTON GALLERY, BY PERMISSION OF MR. WILLIAM COLTARD.

ART NOTES.

The little exhibition which Mr. Joseph Pennell has arranged at Messrs. Dunthorne's gallery in Vigo Street is well worth the visiting. Among modern etchers there are few whose work is so personal or so decoratively attractive as that of Mr. Pennell, and he has in this instance chosen a subject which is precisely suitable to his talents and accomplishment. "The Devils of Notre Dame" have before this been immortalised, or, at any rate, made signal, by the art of Méryon. Nevertheless, despite the inevitable comparison which one cannot fail to institute between the work of the two artists, Mr. Pennell by no means sustains any serious loss thereby.

His etchings, in a word, are masterly and conspicuously commendable. He never, as it were, despite all his truth and reality, produces a photograph. In each case he succeeds in achieving an idea of distance and depth and gravity which are impossible to the machine-made drawing. The famous "Stryfe" is, in his composition, sufficiently strikingly rendered. Yet it is



LIFE'S MORNING.—JOHN WHITE.

Exhibited at the Gallery of the Royal Society of British Artists.



THE BATHING GHATS, WITH MOSQUE OF AURUNGZEBE, BENARES.—JOHN VARLEY.

Exhibited at the Japanese Gallery, New Bond Street, W.

not so much the Devil himself as the extraordinary picturesqueness of the details—the distances and the far-away streets of the city—which make up the charm of this etching.

Mr. Pennell has realised in an artistically poetical way the idea of height in a very absorbing manner. You are made aware of the flight of birds and of the dim things that adorn a distant earth with quite extraordinary skill. Paris is with you, yet far from you, stretching into infinite distances, dark here, light there, Paris and its river and its bridges—realised with a romantic charm, and yet with a truth and a sense of reality which are quite enchanting.

The *Architect*, in connection with the recent Constable forgery, which has attracted some attention, recalls Sydney Smith's witty observation that he was resolved never to pay more than thirty shillings for the work of any great master. The saying is not only witty, it contains also a germ of shrewdness and even of wisdom which is not characteristic of all witty sayings. The price of masterpieces is a subject that is both engrossing and attractive; it is set about with so much eccentricity and so much change that it resembles nothing so closely as Cleopatra; in that custom cannot stale its infinite variety.

The price of pictures, we confess, is a baffling subject of inquiry. There is, of course, no metal standard which can measure the worth of decorative work. The mere labour expended over it is scarcely an element at all in the general result. As Mr. Whistler observed during the famous Ruskin trial, when counsel asked him if he did not think that £500 was a long price to ask for a picture that occupied him two days in the painting, "I asked it for the work of a life-time." And Mr. Whistler's reply was duly justified, in that his life has proved a precious possession to the world.

The attempt to set up an arbitrary metal standard to appraise the work of artists has been the cause of all the eccentricity which has made the history of prices. The convention of fixing so many gold pieces as the equivalent of certain pictorial arrangements is obviously so grotesque that it cannot fail to have grotesque inequalities of result. Of course, if we had a kind of nursery for some geniuses who, within certain limitations, might be allowed to fulfil all their common desires, and as an equivalent turned out all the masterpieces they could for the average man's enjoyment, we might consider that we had arrived at some standard of payment which had, at any rate, no tiresome inequalities about it.



COLLEGE BILLS.—MAUD CRUTTWELL.

Exhibited at the Gallery of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours.

The difficulty of such an arrangement would be to secure the genuises and to persuade them of their obvious duties. They have an absurd mania for behaving like other men and of refusing to cherish passions different from their common brethren of the human race. It is our most cherished platitude, moreover, that the world is mighty slow to recognise true genius when it does appear, and that for such recognition a man has usually to wait until he is dead. Now, you cannot catch a genius dead.

There is, in fact, no way out of the difficulty at all. You must for ever be making shots at justice, shots, indeed, that seldom hit the mark. Thus it comes about that Millet sells his "Angelus" for a song, and America booms its value to £27,000. Even that folly was surpassed by the price paid for the Ansidei Madonna by the responsible authorities of our national art, and similar follies are for ever to record. One day the Dutch are up, one day the Italians are in, and in the prices of pictures, as in so many other human facts, all is vanity and affliction of spirit. There is no theory to which we can be constant.

Representative as the Fine Art Society's Gallery is, it is natural that it should contain some Whistlers, and the two marines, "Dark Blue and Silver" and "Violet and Silver—a Deep Sea," by this artist are certainly admirable specimens of his art. They are, indeed, as one has eloquently and recently said, "mysteries plucked from the very heart of Nature." It is this fact, this convincing quality of something super-decorative, which separates Mr. Whistler's work from the work which aims only at a simple and ornamental effectiveness. Ornamental and effective this work undoubtedly is, but this is, as it were, only the transparent veil that hangs before, and reveals only more beautifully the concealment which contains the rarest examples of true art.

Among other work, one may particularly mention Mr. Lagarde's "Snow Scene," which has a very wonderful and special beauty of its own. It has a brilliance and a luminousness about it that are very beautiful and striking. Not that his other picture, "Corner of the Village," does not deserve almost as emphatic a commendation, the light of which is conceived and carried out, not only with a high technical and refined skill, but also with a realisation of soft colour which is very beautiful to note.

Another artist of conspicuous merit in this exhibition is Mr. William Scott, whose more or less well-known "Nymph," with its assured excellence of style and its beauty of composition, is a great artistic advantage to the appearance of the first room. One can only stay to mention briefly a roll-call of names which are represented in these galleries: Von Uhde, Ary Renan, J. M. Swan, J. Maris, Rodin, and Roll. The sculpture is also well worth examination.



ENJOYING LIFE.—G. SHERWOOD HUNTER.
Exhibited at the Gallery of the Royal Society of British Artists.



BOHÉMIENS.—L. A. TESSIER.
EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.



A SUMMER NIGHT.—ALBERT MOORE.
REPRODUCED FROM THE ORIGINAL, EXHIBITED AT THE GRAFTON GALLERY, BY PERMISSION OF THE ARTS COMMITTEE OF THE LIVERPOOL CORPORATION.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



"Have you ever been photographed, Uncle?"
"Yes, Tommy."
"What for?"

DRAWN BY PHIL MAY.



UNDER SUSPICION.



FOLLY AT THE FANCY BALL.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

It is somewhat amusing to have eminent actors and eminent dramatists speculating concerning the possible advent of a new Shakspeare, and claiming as their chief merit that they had helped to make the way clear for him. I wonder, when the new Shakspeare came, whether we should know him for such. Shakspeare's contemporaries, many of them, preferred Fletcher; good Mr. Pepys thought the "Midsummer Night's Dream" extremely insipid and foolish; and, indeed, it was not till the lack of decent dramatists became too glaring to be overlooked that Shaksperian revivals were frequent. In short, if we were to have a Shakspeare now, we should probably never know the fact.

Then, too, if we had a Shakspeare, what would he do? The real Shakspeare, as far as we know, began by rewriting old pieces for the theatre at which he played. He also wrote pieces himself in the fashionable style of the day, and gradually evolved his own style out of that which was common to many writers of the time. He rhymed with the rhymers, till Marlowe taught him the powers of blank verse, and towards the end of his career he was, like Tennyson, somewhat less careful as to form, though riper in thought and fuller of meaning. Of course, if Shakspeare lived now, he would not write in rhyme; he probably would not even try to rival the "mighty line" of "The Tempter" in blank verse. If it be permitted to argue by analogy, he would have begun by adapting French pieces; then, perhaps, Norwegian. And he would now be engaged in working on the lines of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray."

Only he would have to be far more careful of his dramatic methods in these days. He is disgracefully lacking in "curtains," and his acts frequently end with nothing more exciting than a single actor finishing an unimpassioned soliloquy. How do the acts of "Hamlet" end? Act I., Hamlet remarks to his friends, "Nay, come; let's go together." Act II., Hamlet, alone, remarks, "The play's the thing, Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King." Observe, the play is the thing, he says, not the curtains! Act III., Hamlet ends with the words, "Good night, Mother." In Act IV., King Claudius tamely remarks, "Therefore, let's follow." Act V. has some approach to an impressive close, though the superfluous Fortinbras could be dispensed with; but even then, the stage directions showed that the poet relied on the material aids of funeral music and cannon.

And in the comedies it is often worse. "As You Like It" is a terrible example of slovenly construction. Look how songs are dragged in, here, there, and everywhere, with no bearing on the plot—such as it is! How entirely impossible is the setting of the "Seven Ages" bit of declamation! And look how the two songs, "What shall he have that killed the deer?" and "It was a lover and his lass," are introduced. The former has an aimless little scene of ten lines, without any point to lead up to it; the latter is sung by two superfluous pages, casually meeting two of the minor characters. Here is the introduction—

Enter two Pages.

FIRST PAGE. Well met, honest gentleman.

TOUCHSTONE. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

Then the two pages—probably they were the "show-boys" of the company—had the two or three lines each which the manager had been badgered into giving them, though they could only sing and not speak; and Touchstone did all he could to spoil the effect of the duet by remarking that "though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untunable," and that it was "but time lost to hear such a foolish song." Did the Elizabethan piffities say "Hear, hear"? They would *now*. What musical number in a modern burlesque was ever more palpably dragged in?

No; the new Shakspeare, when he comes, will be very unlike the old one. Will he take to blank verse tragedy? Hardly. I should think that what is called the "strong modern play" is his best chance—that or comic opera, possibly. Perhaps he may avail himself of modern scenic appliances, and write a drama for Drury Lane in collaboration with Sir Augustus Harris. One thing he probably will not do, and that is to strike out a new path at once. Genius of the highest kind is gradual in development, and often slow in asserting its individuality. Shakspeare was greater than Marlowe was, or, probably, could ever have been; but no work of Shakspeare's made such a sudden advance on the past as did Marlowe's "Tamburlaine."

But, as the Blessed Damozel remarked, "All this is *when* he comes."

MARMITON.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

The report that the Prince of Wales has tired of racing must be taken *cum grano salis*. As a matter of fact, his Royal Highness is just as fond of the sport of kings as ever he was, but he despairs of winning a big race because he owns such moderate horses. I think myself it was a pity his Royal Highness ever left John Porter's stable, for, as a matter of course, the Kingsclere stable shelters one or more promising candidates for the Derby of each year, and the Prince, in the days gone by, often ran down to see how the cracks Orme, Ormonde, Paradox, Common, and St. Blaise were going on. He saw the latter tried on the Friday before he ran the sensational race against Highland Chief. Judge Clark gave the verdict in favour of the Kingsclere colt, but many living sportsmen, including one well-known proprietor of a sporting paper, declare that in their opinion Highland Chief won. Depend upon it, though, the judge was right. I may mention that his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is at all times interested in knowing the results of races, and, when in London, he often runs over to the Marlborough Club to have a look at the tape machine.

A great many gentlemen fancy they can ride successfully in hurdle races and steeplechases, but very few amateurs succeed in becoming successful jockeys.

Of the few, I would here make special mention of Mr. H. M. Ripley, who could hold his own against any professional. I saw him ride a capital finish at Hurst Park on Margery. There was a large field, and in my opinion the second horse should have won, but Mr. Ripley gained the victory by exercising good judgment. Mr. H. M. Ripley for several winters hunted in Surrey, and rode to hounds as straight as the crow flies. He then had some capital practice by riding several of Arthur Nightingall's horses at exercise, and when he donned silk he shaped in the saddle like a finished horseman. It was, I believe, Mr. H. M. Ripley who begged the owner of The Saxon to start the horse in the last Grand National that he might have the mount. The request was not acceded to, but I hope Mr. Ripley will ride in the race this year. His elder brother, Mr. A. H. Ripley, is often seen in the saddle, and I believe that the brothers take the liveliest interest in the winter sport.



Photo by Robinson, Regent Street, W.

MR. H. M. RIPLEY.

Halsey, who trains for Mr. J. A. Miller at Michel Grove, has had a most successful season, and with such promising young horses as Dollar II., Royal Red, Shotaway, Baccarat, and Receipt under his care he is likely to head the list of winning trainers. He has not trained for Mr. Miller very long. He was at one time with Woodland, and has ridden on most of the racecourses in Belgium. He has a very fine establishment at Michel Grove, and Mr. Miller, who, by-the-way, is a brother of Sir James Miller, who owned Sainfoin, the Derby winner of 1890, has built a residence for himself in the immediate neighbourhood.

I am pleased to see Lord Radnor running a few horses under National Hunt Rules, and hope that Varangian, Black Fir, and Hamptonian will soon be winning races. His Lordship's jockey for flat racing is Maidment, who will be remembered by old racegoers as the rider of Cremorne in the Derby of 1872. Maidment also rode the Hungarian horse Kisber to victory at Epsom, and was on the back of Hannah, the One Thousand Guineas, Oaks, and St. Leger winner of 1871. In 1872 Maidment carried off the St. Leger on Wenlock. He still rides with all his old skill.

Now that the Spring Handicaps have been published, matters in the racing world will become more lively. Mr. W. J. Ford has, as usual, given us a masterpiece for the Lincoln Handicap, and the critics will have their work cut out to find the winner. Mr. Ford, I may add, does his work in the most conscientious manner, and I should say he has spent days, and probably nights, in compiling the weights for the Carlisle event. He takes nothing on trust, but studies the records of every horse engaged, and thinks nothing of employing an hour over the performances of a single horse. Harry Hall will, as I have said before, play a prominent part in this race, and I shall not be at all surprised to see Tibbie Shiels well backed. It is just possible that Lord Marcus Beresford may win the Grand National with Marcellus, as this animal has been specially saved for the Cross-Country Derby.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

We are now in the thick of the Cup ties. Next Saturday will see the second round decided. Perhaps the most momentous and exciting of all the ties will be that between Sunderland and Aston Villa. Some people go so far as to say that the winner of this tie will win the Cup. I would not go so far as that, but I think one would be safe in saying that the winner will in all probability be one of the finalists.

If Aston Villa should be the winner of this tie, then I think we should have no doubt about the ultimate destination of the Cup; but I am just afraid that Sunderland, with advantage of ground, will prove one too many for the Villans.

The Football Association have just passed a rule to prevent amateur clubs poaching one another's players. It reads as follows—

That lists be printed of amateur players who have (in accordance with Rule 5) in writing intimated to the Secretary of the Association the clubs of which, for the purpose of Cup-ties, they are playing members. Without the consent of the club of which he is a playing member or of this Association, no

defeated Reading by eighteen goals to none. The Reading team are employees in Huntley and Palmer's biscuit works, and in this instance they may be said to have captured the sign and seal of their trade. During the match, Trainer, the North End goal-keeper, wore a mackintosh, and in the second half N. J. Ross retired altogether. The rumour that the other back was provided with an easy chair is not correct.

CRICKET.

Although we are only as yet talking about the summer game, cricketers at the other end—I mean the Antipodes—are very busy. The first inter-Colonial match resulted in the defeat of New South Wales by South Australia. J. J. Lyons played up to his form by making 82 for the winners, and George Giffen surpassed himself with a fine innings of 205.

Playing for New South Wales against Victoria, Moses, whom we have often heard about but have never seen, was top scorer, with 71 out of 155. W. L. Murdoch played on the same side, and, although he failed

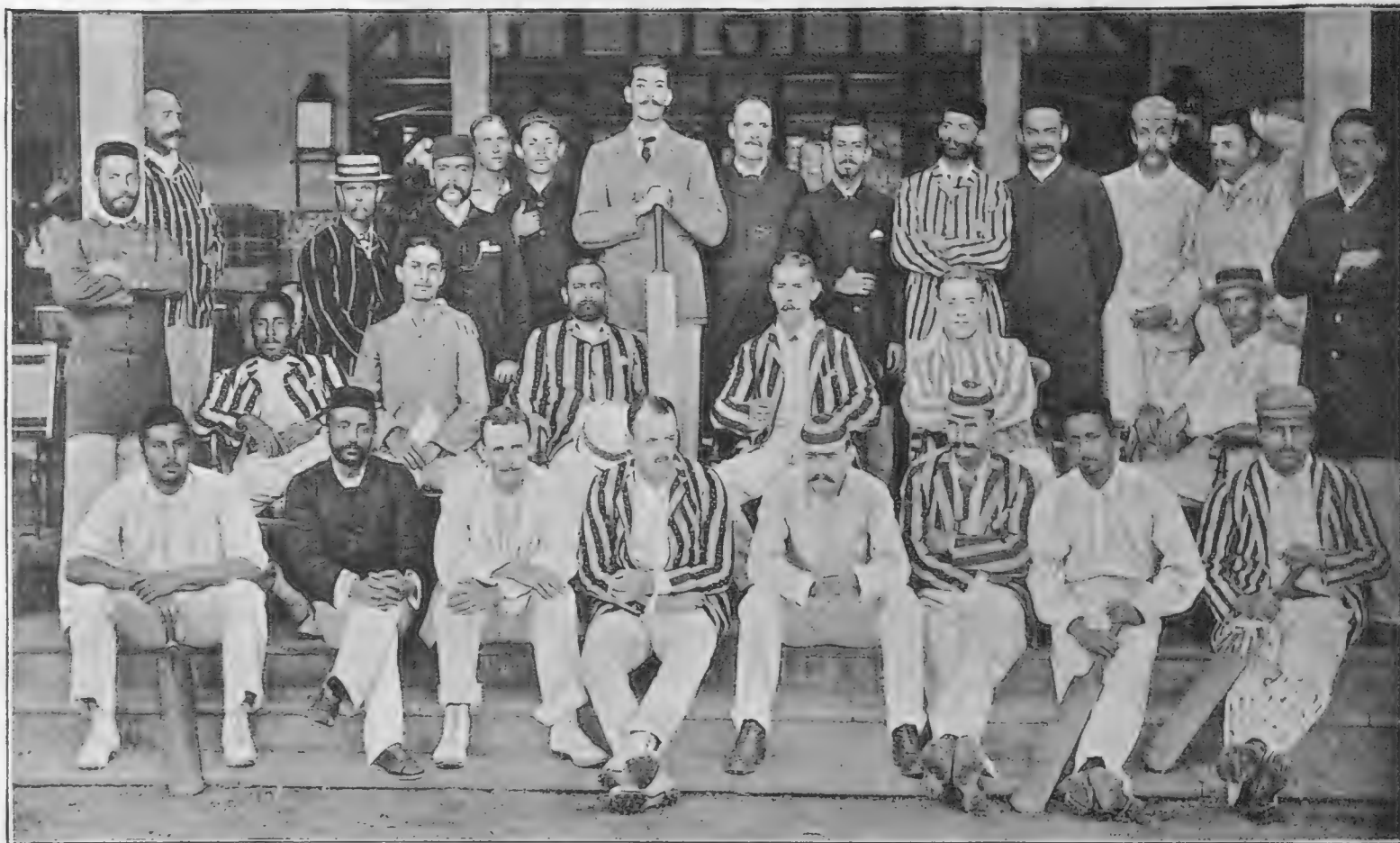
Capt. Thornhill.

R. H. Dewing. Pte. Ward. D. Raja. H. Ellison.

C. M. Patel. D. D. Kanga.

R. E. Firth.

K. D. Engineer.

N. C. Bapasola.
K. E. Mody.

B. C. Machlivala.

K. M. Mistry.

S. B. Spencer.
E. T. Hill.

D. J. McFarlan.

H. C. King.
H. Reynolds.E. H. D. Sewell.
E. Boone.

C. Reporter.

K. H. Judge.
D. E. Mody.

CRICKET IN INDIA: PARSEES v. THE MADRAS PRESIDENCY.

club or official of any other club shall induce or attempt to induce any such player to leave his club until the end of current season. The provisions of Rule 34 of the Association shall, as far as possible, apply to breaches of this rule.

I am glad to think that the Amateur Cup Competition is likely to prove a success, although it is to be regretted that a strong team like the Old Westminsters should have felt called upon to withdraw from the competition because one or two of the rules were not to their liking. It is not quite in accord with amateur principles that one club should offer to scratch to another for a pecuniary consideration; yet this is what the opponents of Chatham offer to do. A funny kind of amateurism this.

Last week I spoke highly of the Oxford University eleven, and I have since had my opinion confirmed by the Dark Blues' victory over West Bromwich Albion. I doubt whether Oxford have ever been so strongly represented this season. Cambridge is also above average strength.

By-the-way, C. B. Fry, the Oxford Socker captain, champion long-jumper, and triple Blue, is evidently sighing for other worlds to conquer, for he assisted the Oxford Rugby fifteen against London Scottish, and played a very fair game at three-quarter back. With a little practice, and more attention to passing, there is no reason why he should not obtain a fourth Blue, and thus create a record which would probably stand for generations.

In the fight for the Army Cup, keep your eye on the 2nd Black Watch. Their defeat of the holders by seven goals to two is inexplicable. The enormous advantage of playing at home is shown by the fact that in the Cup ties the home clubs scored fifty-three goals as against ten by the visitors. Out of the sixteen matches, only four visiting clubs were on the winning side, and in each instance only by one goal margin.

The biggest defeat in the Cup ties was at Preston, where North End

in the first innings, he was seen to great advantage in the second. Turner, on the one side, and Trott on the other were by far the most successful bowlers.

We also get a record score from Australia. C. Hill, a boy of sixteen, made 360 out of 621 runs in a school match. Even then he was not out, but fatigue compelled him to retire. The previous record in Australia was 352 (not out), while W. L. Murdoch's 321 still holds the record for first-class cricket.

Not in Australia alone, but in far Madras, the cricket ball is rolling. On the last days of '93 his Excellency Lord Wenlock was present at the match between the Parsees and the Presidency. Perhaps the feature of the match was the batting of H. R. Ellison, who scored 129 in the first innings of the Presidency. The match ended in a draw. According to the *Madras Times*—

It afforded two days of excellent sport, which were thoroughly enjoyed by everyone. In the early part of their first innings the Parsees did not do themselves justice, as their subsequent play disclosed. They have, however, shown that they thoroughly understand cricket, and can play a very plucky game. They are not, we are assured, a proper representative team, wanting as they do the assistance of their famous bowler, Dr. M. E. Pavri, and their great bat, Mr. B. D. Gograt, while such good men as Messrs. D. Kunga, D. Waiter, and R. D. Cooper are also absent from the team; but they have proved themselves good enough to gain the respect of Madras cricketers, and we hope that, as has been suggested, a Madras team will visit Bombay next year and play them on their own ground.

The Southern Cross-Country Championship is to be run off at a new venue this year, Wembley Park being selected for the annual parade of sprinters. Wembley Park, on which the Old Westminsters play all their home matches, is about nine miles from the City, and Southerners will find it a most accessible ground.

OLYMPIAN.

INTERVIEW WITH MRS. J. R. GREEN.

A slight, girlish figure (writes a representative of *The Sketch*), a fair face with regular features, a small head, crowned by masses of light hair, a pleasant smile, low voice, and winning manner make up the attractive personality of Mrs. John Richard Green, widow of the historian of the English people. Before we met I had read, in Miss Marianne North's "Recollections," of her devotion to her husband, at whose dictation she wrote for hours daily, until writer's cramp deprived her of the use of her right hand, when, with an Irishwoman's pluck, she learned to write with her left.

Mrs. Green lives in a fine old Georgian house in Kensington Square, a house with a spacious hall, a broad staircase, and airy drawing-rooms, with quaint tiled fireplaces at unexpected angles. The delicate wall-colouring, and shelves laden with rare pottery, the Chippendale furniture, and the prevailing tones of olive-green and dull blue-grey, enlivened by touches of warm russet, betokened the artistic sense of the occupant. Some flowers, chiefly yellow, showed up against a background of bronzed and reddish leaves; on a small table stood, under a glass shade, a quaint model of a mummy case, and on the walls hung a few choice engravings, copies of well-known subjects, and some dainty water-colours.

"I hear, Mrs. Green, that the illustrated edition of the 'Short History,' edited by you, is having a wonderful success," said I to my charming hostess.

"Yes," she replied, "I believe it is doing very well. When I was at Nottingham I heard that such is the demand for it at the Free Library that, contrary to their custom, they have taken it in parts, and lectures have been delivered on it, illustrated by limelight views from engravings in the book. Its success has really been extraordinary, and had the advantage of making people re-read the history."

"You must have taken an infinity of trouble in looking up subjects for the illustrations—the quaint weapons, varied costumes, and the curious armour of the different epochs?"

Mrs. Green smiled. "It was not easy," she said, "and grows more troublesome as the work progresses. I have just finished the volume that brings the narrative down to the middle of Charles the Second's reign."

She rose as she spoke, and, finding one of the monthly parts, showed me some excellent woodcuts therein.

"These," she said, "are taken from drawings made of figures that adorn an old house at Highgate, but little known, built by Cromwell for Ireton, and now used as a convalescent home. There is a delightful panelled staircase—see, here are some of the details—spears, swords, drums, and fifes grouped into trophies. The pillars that flank each landing are topped by these carved statues, representing soldiers of the Commonwealth, each in the uniform of his regiment, complete in every feature. I fortunately remembered seeing that staircase a long time ago, and when we came to this period it struck me that in it we had an interesting contemporary record."

"That was really treasure trove. Have you discovered anything else?"

"Oh, yes, the first model of St. Paul's Cathedral, made by Wren, and supposed to be the finest architectural model in the world."

"Where did you come across that?"

"It is to be seen in St. Paul's Cathedral, but most people do not know anything about it."

"As you speak of its being the first model, I suppose it was not that eventually adopted?"

"No; it is far more beautiful."

"Why, then, was it rejected?"

"One reason assigned is that Charles II. and James, being anxious to restore the Catholic religion in England, objected to Wren's design as not allowing space at the sides for processions. His was unmistakably a Protestant church, and provided only for the exigencies of the Protestant service."

"Do you really think that is true?"

"It is the explanation that is given," said Mrs. Green.



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

MRS. J. R. GREEN.

"Have you any work of your own on hand just now?" I asked. "I know you wrote 'Henry II.' in Morley's Statesmen Series, but what have you done since?"

"My 'History of Town Life in the Fifteenth Century' is now at the publisher's, and will soon be brought out in two volumes."

"What a fascinating subject!"

"Yes, it is practically an unworked mine, and I found an abundance of material, but shapeless and scattered, involving great labour in selecting and arranging it."

"I think I remember your lecturing on a somewhat similar subject."

"You are right: at University Hall, on 'English Town Life in the Middle Ages,' and at the Working Men's College, Great Ormond Street, on 'Guilds,' comparing, or, rather, contrasting, them with our trade unions of to-day."

"Did you like your working-man audience?"

"Very much indeed. I found them most sympathetic and intelligent. You see, they were thoroughly conversant with the modern side of the question—the trade unions, I mean—and so entered fully into the subject."

"Are you not a member of the new Irish Literary Society of London, Mrs. Green?"

"No, though I have friends who are much interested in it."

"But I am justified, am I not, in believing you to be an Irishwoman?"

"Quite right. I was born in Meath, of which diocese my grandfather was Bishop. My father was Archdeacon Stopford, who was, I may say, the most distinguished Canon lawyer in Ireland. The Stopfords settled there in the reign of James I. My mother was from County Sligo, and on one side or other I feel sure some Celtic blood has been brought into my veins."

"Where and how were you educated?"

"At home, by a governess; but she left us when my elder sisters were grown up, and before I was emancipated from the schoolroom. I then studied Greek and Euclid by myself—in fact, to a large extent I am self-taught."

"You had, no doubt, the run of a good library? One learns so much from desultory reading."

"My father certainly had an excellent library, but it consisted almost entirely of works on Canon Law. I thus had few opportunities of becoming acquainted with general literature, and kept to severe studies—theology, mathematics, Greek, and metaphysics. A great misfortune overtook me, however, when about sixteen years of age: my eyes suffered from overwork, and for seven years I was almost entirely unable to study."

"Were you very young when you first came to England?"

"No; I lived in Ireland until long after I was grown up—I have no head for dates—when I went to Chester, and from there I was married."

"You helped Mr. Green considerably in his literary labours?"

"Yes. The 'Short History of the English People' had been published previous to our marriage, but his two last two books, 'The Making of England' and 'The Conquest of England,' were written entirely by me from his dictation. Since his death I have revised the various editions."

"Do you work much?"

"About five hours a day on an average. I am very methodical, devoting the entire morning of each day to my task, and either the afternoon or evening as well. Would you like to see my study?"

I answered in the affirmative, and Mrs. Green led the way to the next room—a long, narrow apartment, well lighted, and lined with books. In the centre stood a low writing-table, with manuscripts, proofs, &c., neatly disposed thereon. The volumes on the shelves were chiefly historical works of reference. A complete set of her husband's works were, of course, included, and on an easel stood a large portrait of Mr. Green.

If evidence were needed that the modern woman of letters is not necessarily a fright, a dowdy, or a blue-stocking, given to talking over the heads of her audience, one could point to no better example than Mrs. Green, who is charming alike as a woman, a writer, and a hostess, blessed with grace, simplicity, and good looks, as well as ability of a high order.

C. O'C. E.



GROTESQUES, BY A SCHOOL-GIRL.

These grotesques were drawn by Miss Anna Mackenzie, Denmark Hill, at the age of fifteen. She has had no art training whatever.

BADMINTON ECHOES.

BY "BUGLE."

An Ill-Timed Measure.

The proposed measure for the prevention of the chase of animals kept in confinement is obviously aimed directly at the Royal Buckhounds. Possibly its framers may resent this suggestion. We shall see. This is not the time to deprive an important district of the advantages due to the presence of a rich and popular hunt. So far as I am aware, in England at the present time the practice of liberating creatures and then hunting them obtains only in the case of deer, of rabbits (chiefly among the mining population in the north), and of rats, upon which some undergraduates are wont to train their terriers. Personally, I should not be sorry to see this rabbit-coursing stopped. It is not a good form of sport. A rabbit turned out of a coat pocket, in surroundings it does not know,

such taxation, a fund should be formed for helping distressed farmers, the move would be popular enough. But there can also be little doubt that nothing of the kind would follow. The money would simply find its way, as other taxes, into the general exchequer, and, as a matter of fact, it would press very hardly upon many farmers, and quite possibly defeat itself. Many a farmer now keeps a few decent mares, and tries to breed a colt or two each year, which he can show with the hounds and hope to sell; but as soon as ever you make it impossible to do this you stop him at once, for it is ridiculous to expect the man to take out a £3 license for every colt or horse he wants to try. As an improvement on this, it may be suggested that licenses to hunt might be granted to individuals—and there is certainly something not altogether unreasonable in this. How would it be, as a beginning, for visitors to be charged, say, five shillings a day, or, perhaps, a sovereign a week? It is generally the "gentleman from town" who is the trouble, and this might help to smooth things over if the fund went to the farmers themselves.



MR. C. DAVIS, HIS MAJESTY'S HUNTSMAN, ON HIS FAVOURITE MARE, COLUMBINE.

From a Print of 1831.

is a poor creature, very different from the bold bunny who disappears in a white flash when kicked up in the grass among its native runs. Perhaps, also, rat-coursing is not a fine type of sport, though it can scarcely be called cruel, for the whole thing is of momentary duration, and, without any bullying, the rat is dead. But it is time that this absurd nonsense about the cruelty of the Buckhounds was exploded. It may be cruel to hunt the wild deer, which is pulled to pieces by the hounds; but how can it be cruel to hunt an animal which, unless by the rarest accident, is never bullied or hurt? The creature is horribly frightened? Not a bit of it. I don't believe those who put this forward can have ever hunted with the stag-hounds. If they had, they would know that, after a hind or stag has been hunted once or twice, it becomes absolutely indifferent, knowing it will not be hurt. Many a stag simply plays with the hounds, often stopping long before it is tired.

Phantom and Other Minnows.

What, exactly, is a phantom minnow? I have possessed a good many minnows, and of various patterns, in my time, but I never felt certain as yet which was the real, original, and only phantom. When I ask the question in the tackle-shops I get different answers in each. Minnows may be divided into two groups, those which are hard and those which are soft. Of the former, some resemble a fish, and some resemble nothing whatever in water or on land. Of the latter, most are shaped and coloured as nearly as possible to look like a gudgeon, a bleak, or dace. And yet, as far as my own experience is concerned, I have had by far the best luck with the hard and "fancy" sorts. Some men swear by a minnow made of soleskin, some by one made of india-rubber. They claim that they are the more effective, as they are the softer in a fish's mouth. But they have two great faults: first, they are too light; secondly, when thrown against the wind, they jerk, and the tail-hook catches in the cast. The great advantage in the heavy metal minnows is this—that they spin by their own weight. They never stop still; they are always spinning one way or the other; and where water is weedy this is a great advantage, for you can drop such a minnow into ever so small a space between the weeds, and it spins at once, even as it sinks. You need only work it up and down to ensure its attractiveness for trout or pike.

A Tax on Hunters.

It has recently been suggested—and at first it would seem with some plausibility—that horses used in the hunting field should be subject to a tax of £3. It is argued that if this were the license for every horse hunted, not only would the existence of hunting be prolonged, but agricultural conditions be ameliorated. There can be no doubt whatever that if, as a result of

MR. RHODES'S VISIT TO THE COTOPAXI GOLD MINE.

The accompanying photograph, just received from Mashonaland, illustrates an interesting episode about the early part of last November, when the Hon. Cecil Rhodes paid a visit to the Cotopaxi Gold Mine on his journey through Victoria. The mine is about 170 miles to the east of Bulawayo, and it was selected by Mr. Rhodes for a lengthened and detailed inspection from the fact that it was one of the most developed of the various mines in this district. This ten-stamp battery was almost entirely erected by four white men, as on the outbreak of hostilities the natives previously employed all deserted. Among those who figure in the photograph are the Hon. Cecil Rhodes, who is seated in the centre. On his right is Captain James Morrish, a Cornishman, and manager of the Gold Fields of Mashonaland. From having been long engaged in mining operations in South America, he gave the name of Cotopaxi to the mine now under consideration. Next to Captain Morrish is seated Sir Charles Metcalfe, Bart., the chief engineer for the Beira Railroad, now being carried from the coast into Mashonaland. He, with Major Ricarde-Seaver, contributed to the *Fortnightly Review* of March, 1889, a paper entitled "The Sphere of British Influence in South Africa," which was the first article in print advocating the granting of a Royal Charter for the development of the vast district south of the Zambesi, now, happily, brought permanently within the jurisdiction of the British flag.

The Cotopaxi Mine, together with several others, was acquired by a powerful group of capitalists in the City, who formed a company called the "Gold Fields of Mashonaland." The battery represented in the photo is the first for crushing and milling erected in the district. From it it is expected the first industrially produced gold will be obtained in the course of the next two months, and the result will serve as a guide to all future mining operations in the country. The reef is 8 ft. wide at a depth of about 160 ft. in solid quartz, well-formed, and nearly vertical, continuing, so far, to an unknown depth, being a true fissure-vein in a country rock composed of slate, possessing all the characteristics well known to geologists as indicating a permanent auriferous deposit. It is calculated that the value of the ore contained in this reef will run somewhere in the vicinity of one ounce of gold to the ton on the average. This is double the yield of the average output of the well-known Johannesburg Mine, in the Transvaal, which has taken its place as the second gold-producing district of the world. In Matabeleland, recently conquered, we are assured that even richer districts have been discovered by members of the advancing columns, whose ordinary occupation being that of prospectors and miners are thoroughly qualified to express an opinion. In one district on the head-waters of the Lundi River it is stated that rich alluvial deposits exist which, if sufficient in extent and containing payable quantities of gold, will, no doubt, soon be "rushed" by the adventurous mining spirits who in California and Australia formed the great pioneers of mining industry and general prosperity.

Mr. Rhodes was entertained by the citizens of Cape Town—the Mayor presiding—on his return from Matabeleland. Mr. John Woodhead has held the mayoral office three times, being first elected in 1887. He was born at Holmfirth, in Yorkshire, and has lived for the past thirty-three years at Cape Town. His residence at Sea Point, a suburb of Cape Town, is named after his native place. In responding to

by him, Mr. Rhodes said he had tried to prevent war in every way. He nicknamed the Aborigines Protection Society "The Aborigines Destruction Society," and called Mr. Labouchere a "cynical sybarite in London, who devotes his time to the vilification of almost everyone who becomes above the average, and includes in that the family of our Sovereign." There is no doubt that these post-prandial orations of Mr. Rhodes add to the gaiety of nations, but it is at least questionable



Photo by Watson, Cape Town.
THE MAYOR OF CAPE TOWN.

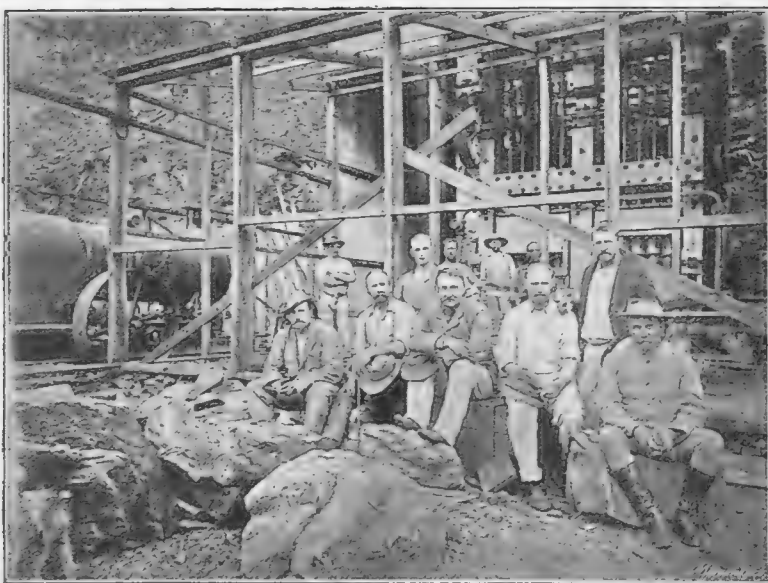
whether they add to his reputation as a statesman. But much may be forgiven to a successful man. He might do well to heed Mr. John Morley's dictum that "Truth is quiet," a sentence which is not intended as a reference to the Member for Northampton's journal.

NOTES FROM THE CONCERT ROOM.

I have often heard of the excellent work done by the *St. George's Glee Union*. *St. George's Glee Union*, which was founded so long ago as 1867. Last Friday night the 300th consecutive monthly concert was given at the Pimlico Rooms, Warwick Street, under Mr. Joseph Monday's conductorship. Mr. Monday can look back on a proud record of twenty years' painstaking and successful labour. Concerted vocal music is one of the most delightful forms of harmony, and the Glee Union stands as a conspicuous example of what may be accomplished in this direction. At the last concert J. F. Barnett's "Ancient Mariner" received a careful rendering, and a miscellaneous selection was also given.

To-night the Royal Choral Society give "The Redemption," the tenor music in which Mr. Lloyd confessed he never sang without emotion.—New vocalists for the Handel Festival are Miss Juch, Miss Butt, Madame Melba, and Messrs. Norman Salmond and Andrew Black. I am glad to see Madame Clara Samuelli is also engaged.—Young Koczalski, who excited interest in England as a "child prodigy," has actually composed an opera, entitled "Hagar."—The Ballad Concerts are going on their usual successful course, and are introducing a few fresh voices to the public.—The second concert of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society took place last Wednesday at the Queen's Hall. The programme was most attractive by its variety, Goldmark's charming "Rustic Wedding" suite, for orchestra, opening the proceedings. A fine rendering of Bellini's "Romeo" Cavatina was given by Madame Annie Fisher, who also sang Ren6's "Betrothed." Mr. Arthur Oswald sang Massenet's "Pens6e d'Automne" and Haydn Parry's "How I love thee" in his usual refined style.

LUTE.



GROUP AT THE TEN-STAMP BATTERY, COTOPAXI MINE.

the toast of his health, the hero of the hour was, as usual, delightfully indiscreet. The "first person singular" was plentifully sprinkled throughout the lengthy speech of Mr. Rhodes, who gave a vivacious account of his action twelve years ago in obtaining "the unknown interior as a reversion to the colony" of which he was a citizen. The patience of persistence was at length rewarded: "I stuck to my idea, and it came out all right." After stating that four-fifths of the money required to go on with 600 miles of telegraph through Africa was found

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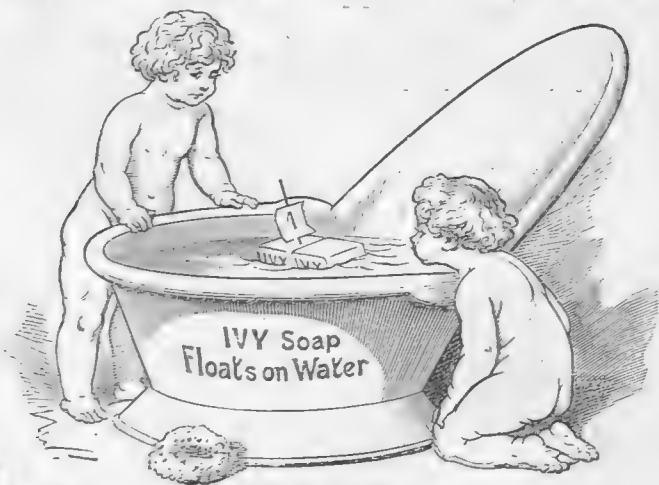
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"The world is full

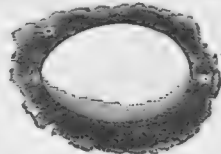
of trouble," said the preacher. Quite right, brother, but you failed to add that a great proportion of said trouble, which comes in the form of Rheumatic and Neuralgic pains, could be easily removed by the timely use of that old and reliable friend, "St. Jacobs Oil," which acts quickly and surely. An outward application which conquers pain, as sure as the sun shines. It acts like magic. It penetrates deep, reaching the seat of the disease, which all other remedies fail to reach. St. Jacobs Oil treats the cause of the disease by penetrating to where the disease lies, hence its superiority to all other Rheumatic and Gout remedies. St. Jacobs Oil is totally unlike any other remedy. It is peculiar to itself. The drugs from which it is made are gathered from the four quarters of the globe. A million bottles are sold every year. It has the largest sale, is the most popular, and does the most good of any medicine on earth. St. Jacobs Oil is endorsed by the nobility, the clergy, and gentry of Great Britain, and by the leading citizens of the world.

MARZA WINE

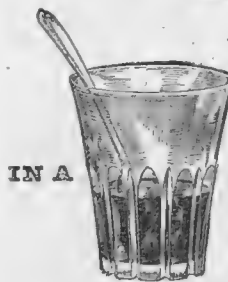
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TESTIMONIAL.

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ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF HORSEMEN.*

Books upon the niceties of horsemanship are many. Nearly every troop-sergeant-major or hero of a local riding-school is tempted at one time or other to foist a few generalities upon an unoffending public. Men who believe that there are no perfect "seats" outside the Shires plume themselves upon the possession of one through dreary volumes, and scatter abroad absurd anecdotes of absurd people with a generosity which is appalling.



From "Riders of Many Lands."

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THE KING OF NEPAUL.

There is just a danger that Lieut.-Colonel Dodge may be classed by the ignorant among the makers of *n'aiseries* and the creators of twaddle—a fate from which his readers will strenuously defend him. This book of his displays a knowledge of the ever-fascinating subject which is nothing less than bewildering. He is as much at home with the Mexican *vagüero* as he is when writing of the spotless and purely ornamental product of Hyde Park. In one chapter he will discourse with fine knowledge of the old-time acrobatic power of the Apache; in the next he transports you to Melton, and you listen with profound respect while he shows you the essence of the merit and the demerit in our system. There is no quarter of the globe to which he does not seem to have penetrated, getting increment for the crop of fact and anecdote in which he revels. The trapper, the Indian, the cowboy, the scout, the cavalryman—all

* "Riders of Many Lands." By Theodore Ayrault Dodge. London: Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co.



From "Riders of Many Lands."

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UNITED STATES CAVALRYMAN.

these have passed his critical inspection. His practical exposition of the art is much more valuable than any which we have had for some years. Of his many anecdotes I will take one at hazard. It is the story of the "busting," or bronco-breaking, on the western plains. At the beginning of each season the cowboy enters the corral where the young horses await breaking, and wages the exciting war against the buck-jumper or the confirmed "outlaw." On the occasion of which the author speaks a party had overcome the broncos in the corral with one exception. This was a great piebald "outlaw," whose killing propensities were a tradition of the camp. One night, to the general astonishment, the old cook, Jim, who pretended to hate all things on four legs, offered to lay a dollar he could ride the brute. His boast and bet were received with a resounding jeer. Every listener's right hand was plunged into his pocket to produce a dollar, and in five minutes Jim had a "pile" on. Then the piebald "outlaw" was led out, and before he knew where he was the son of Carême was on his back. For one moment, during which the cowboys sought cover, there was a pause. Then the brute began to kick like a Kentucky mule. But the quondam cook was transformed. He might have been lashed to his saddle. The fiercer the efforts of the frantic beast the more perfect was his seat. "He chuckled audibly, grabbed off his hat, slapped the bronk over the head, laughed outright, and screamed to the blue-looking crowd, 'Catched a tenderfoot, boys, didn't yer? Be gad, ye didn't know I'd been four years buster for the 101. Go it, ye devil!'" And the horse went hither and yon at will, and the crowd paid up.

Of such anecdotes is much of this book made. But it is far more than a bundle of pleasant stories and an amazing variety of knowledge and of fact: it is a work which must be ranked high above the vast mass of uninteresting literature which a profoundly interesting subject has generated.

M. P.



From "Riders of Many Lands."

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SAÏS HOLDING AN ARABIAN.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

HOW "THE TRANSGRESSOR" IS DRESSED.

The fair heroine of "The Transgressor," in the person of Miss Olga Nethersole, is a very much talked about person just at present, and her gowns are lovely enough to come in for a special share of attention, and

so original that they well merit description and illustration, especially as during this season of temporary stagnation Dame Fashion is somewhat chary of giving out new ideas of any kind. The gown which Miss Nethersole wears in Act I. of the new piece at the Court Theatre is a harmony of delicate colouring, the bodice being of soft dove-grey cloth, and the collar band and the large pointed revers of white satin being embroidered in silver thread intermixed with pearls, while there is a deep turned-down collar of white satin covered with écu guipure, which falls over the shoulders above the revers, and forms long ends or side pieces, which are fastened together by an antique silver clasp. The full, perfectly-hanging skirt, of the cloth, is absolutely devoid of trimming of any kind,



MISS NETHERSOLE (ACT I.).

and its simplicity acts as a foil to the elaborate beauty of the bodice. In Act II. Miss Nethersole's dress is of pale rose-pink velvet, the waist encircled by a broad band of black satin ribbon, which is tied in a large bow at the left side, the long loops and ends falling nearly to the bottom of the plain skirt. The bodice, which is a positive work of art, is covered with gauzy lace, on which is embroidered a web-like design in silver, interspersed with clusters of tiny rosebuds in various shades of pink, the sleeves being ornamented in the same way. A band of black satin ribbon, which passes across the corsage from the right shoulder to the left side of the waist, heightens the whole effect and accentuates the delicacy of the exquisite embroidery. Next comes the lovely evening gown in which Miss Nethersole appears in Act III. It is of white

satin, brocaded with great single daffodils, the richness of the fabric and the beauty of the design being shown off to perfection by the absolute simplicity of the skirt, with its long train falling from the waist in graceful folds. The bodice is draped across the figure from right to left, and has a berthe and shoulder frills of fine old lace.

In striking contrast to these eminently smart and up-to-date garments is the quaintly beautiful and classical-looking tea gown which Miss Nethersole wears in the last act. It is of accordion-pleated chiffon, of the hue of a Neapolitan violet, and falls in straight folds from the square-cut neck, while a curious silver girdle passes loosely round the waist. At the left side it opens over a petticoat of white satin, enriched with embroidery in a dark shade of violet silk, and from the side seams of the sheath-like



MISS NETHERSOLE (ACT-II.).

sleeves falls a silken fringe, which is white on the inside and violet on the outside, the effect when Miss Nethersole moves her arms being very curious and pretty. To anyone seeking for a novelty, I can specially commend this tea gown; but, indeed, all Miss Nethersole's dresses are full of good ideas.



MISS NETHERSOLE (ACT III.).

Miss Bessie Hatton's three gowns are all charmingly girlish and pretty, the first one being of crépon in an exquisite shade of blush-rose-pink, the skirt trimmed with bands of satin ribbon in a somewhat deeper shade of pink, the ends, of varying length, terminating in large bows.



MISS NETHERSOLE (ACT IV.).

[Continued on page 101.]

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Should be Used in every household, as [nothing is better
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Once In Six Months Not Enough.

TWICE a year at least it has got to be done. Every housekeeper knows it. Carpets must be taken up and beaten, floors scrubbed, paint washed, walls whitened, holes and corners overhauled and purified, useless odds and ends turned over to the ragman or the dustman, and the house made clean, neat, and orderly for another six months. Good old custom! It defines the difference between the homes of civilised human beings and the huts and caves of savages. But some parts of the house ought to be cleansed every day. Dirt is our worst enemy. Let us not allow him to have things all his own way for months.

There is one house, anyhow, which must be kept clean all the time. The regular spring and autumn scouring isn't enough. The house may be rotted down and the tenant dead before that.

A famous physician says: "Intelligent men and women will go to all the trouble and expense of driving away dirt, when it is where they can see or smell it, yet seem to have no idea that an enormous quantity of foul, rotten, and abominable matter exists within their bodies—the seeds of disease and premature death."

The doctor is quite right, but why don't people understand it? Because they have never been taught what "disease" really is. They think of it as something to "catch," a sort of mysterious thing which comes and goes like gusts of wind in the tree tops. Yet disease—no matter what a lot of hard names the medical men call it by—is

simply the effect of impurities that get inside of our bodies—dirt in the most wonderful and complicated house that was ever built.

Now, how does the dirt get there? How can we clean it out? Two questions right put to the point—both of them. Let us see.

Lying on our table as we write are more than fifty letters, all on the same subject, and all saying the same thing. We pick up the first that comes to hand. It is from a woman, and we will tell you the substance of what she says. Away back in February 1886 she was taken ill. Exactly what ailed her she couldn't tell. But that she felt weak, low, and miserable was certain. For one thing she had a hacking cough that shook and tired her, and broke up her sleep.

Often, particularly in the morning, a sour, bitter stuff came up into her throat and mouth and half choked her. Her tongue was covered with fur, and her mouth tasted badly, a sickening taste that made her shudder and shiver with disgust as one would at a mouthful of mouldy, wormy biscuit. Even good food had no charms for her; everything had lost its relish. No sooner did she swallow a bit of bread or meat, than it gave her a dreadful pain at the chest and sides, as though it had lodged in the wrong place. Then there was the phlegm that gathered all the while and compelled her to weary herself out with hawking and straining to get it up.

Well, we needn't go much farther into the details. Almost everybody who reads these lines has suffered the same way, or knows others who have. The lady grew weaker, of course. What else could be expected? No nourishment, no strength. That's the law for us all—from kings

to coal-heavers. A doctor gave her his opinion and his medicine. She tried the latter for two months, then stopped. What's the sense of going on taking drugs that make one feel no better? None, to be sure; it's a waste of time and money. And money is too hard to come by to throw away for no good.

By this time our friend could barely walk about, and if help didn't come soon she wouldn't be able to do even that. Merciful Goodness! how many thousands of women there are in dear old England in precisely this pitiable shape this blessed minute! Well, thank Heaven, some of them hear the good news every day that dawns.

"In June," says this one, "I read the wonderful little book that tells of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I got the medicine from Mr. F. Mays, Chemist, Friars Street, Reading, and found relief in a few days. I continued taking it, and was soon in good health. Yours truly (Signed,) Mrs. Mary Skeate, St. Leonard's Square, Wallingford, Berks, November 25th, 1892."

Constipation, indigestion, and dyspepsia were the cause of all the mischief. From the dull and torpid stomach, from the sour and fermented food, went forth the impurities which filled the blood and set up pain and misery. That, and nothing else was the trouble, and that is always the trouble. What makes it? Uncleanliness, ladies. Pardon us, but you want the truth. If, with Mother Seigel's help, you will keep the interior of your bodies as clean as your parlours, you won't write such sad letters.

Clean house, then keep it clean. Not once in six months; but gently, sensibly, all the while. When you feel the dirt (you can't see this kind) wash it out at once. The human body is God's temple, the Bible says.

The full bodice is drawn into a V-shaped waistband of the ribbon, loops of which also outline the vest at each side, while from the elbows of the full, puffed sleeves hang long streamers of ribbon, the cuffs being finished off with a band and bow of the same trimming.



MISS HATTON (ACT I.).

With this dainty dress Miss Hatton wears an equally dainty hat of drawn pink gauze, wide-brimmed and low-crowned, and trimmed with clusters of pink rosebuds shading off to white, a wee knot of the pretty flowers resting on her hair in front. In Act. II. her gown is of tea-rose yellow satin, the skirt bordered with a puffing of satin and a frill of creamy lace, and the baby bodice finished off with a deep berthe of the same. The satin sleeves, very full at the top, and tight-fitting at the wrist, are gathered up into countless little puffings, which are distinctly novel and very pretty. An evening dress (worn in Act. III.) of white satin, trimmed with cloudy folds of white chiffon, completes the list of gowns in this notable play.

While on the subject of theatres, I cannot refrain from mentioning the *matinée* given at the Criterion last week, for in the dramatic study "Beyond," which formed one of the principal items, Mrs. Bernard Beere made a stage picture so beautiful and striking that it was an artistic treat to look upon it. Clad in a long, loosely-flowing wrapper of soft white silk, profusely trimmed with lace, and fastened at the throat by a magnificent opal set in diamonds, she was lying on a divan, which was covered by a superb lion-skin, while piled around her were great Oriental cushions, many-hued and lovely, and over her feet was thrown an eiderdown, covered in powder-blue silk, through which ran a sort of Dresden china brocaded design. Does not that sound delightful? And yet no words can do the picture justice.

At the same *matinée* Miss Irene Vanbrugh took part in a little piece, "The Dancing Master," looking even lovelier than ever in a dainty gown of white muslin, tied round the waist with a soft-pink silk sash, and finished off with a large fichu of white chiffon. She wore a large white Leghorn hat, trimmed with pink ribbons and roses, and her hair was tied up with pink ribbon, this charming and most picturesque costume being finished off by white lace mittens, white silk stockings, and black sandal shoes.



MISS HATTON (ACT II.).

FLORENCE.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Feb. 3, 1894.

The reduction of the Bank rate which we led you to anticipate at an early date has come about, although rates in the open market have been stiffening for the past ten days. The two last Bank returns have been so exceptionally strong that the directors had very little option about reducing the official minimum, and have taken the step which they might well have done a week ago.

The "bear" account in Home Rails has now been largely reduced, so that, instead of the heavy "backwardations" which were generally expected, in several cases small "contangos" were demanded and obtained for continuing bargains. As might have been expected, the considerable rise of the previous fortnight has not made much further progress; but next to no investment-selling takes place, for the public is by no means inclined to dispose of its stock, especially when, in its present temper, very few speculative suggestions are received with any favour. After the Sheffield fiasco the estimates of the Home Railway dividends became most pessimistic, and every declaration, although worse than general expectation in December last, is better than Sir Edward Watkin's latest achievement caused men to believe possible, so that, instead of sour faces, we meet smiles as each successive announcement is made. The various boards of directors ought certainly to present the Member for Hythe with a testimonial for making the poor results of their own work appear splendid by comparison. The Midland distribution, judged even by this standard, is, however, quite $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. worse than was expected, and the markets were depressed yesterday as a natural consequence. If the Great Western dividend is less than $5\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. it will add to the gloom.

The visit of Mr. August Belmont to London has caused considerable curiosity, and all sorts of stories are freely invented to account for it; but, after all, this gentleman's connection with the house of Rothschild and the by no means small commitments of the great St. Swithin's Lane firm in Yankee Rails are quite enough to account for his presence on this side of the water. As to Atchison, you will, dear Sir, do well to await Mr. Fleming's report to the bondholders' committee, and, meanwhile, rest assured that, as a second-mortgage holder, you are not likely to be assessed. The market generally was cheerful yesterday, with the exception of the Union Pacific shares, upon which a ten-dollar assessment is probable.

Among Internationals, Bulgarian 6 per cent. bonds have been fairly active, although why any sane person should consider them worth 30 per cent. more than Mexicans we cannot imagine. Fears of political troubles at the approaching elections are said to have a great deal to do with the rise in the Argentine gold premium; but during the last few days the market for both Argentine and Uruguay securities has shown considerable firmness, and you may feel sure of the payment of your February coupons upon the latter.

The Mining market is showing signs of considerable revival, and Indian mines have been especially in favour. The proposal to increase the import duty on diamonds in the United States has been used to knock down the price of De Beers and Jagersfontains, but we do not believe it will have any serious effect on the prosperity of either property. The truth is that dealers are all loaded up with raw diamonds, and are beginning to find that the present bad times are affecting the demand for expensive luxuries.

The meeting of the Trustees Corporation went off very well on Monday, and the committee has begun its gigantic task. Mr. Frederick Walker was, of course, the hero of the occasion, and made a very clever speech. It is, as far as we can remember, the most notable victory which any single man has ever achieved against a powerful body of directors, backed by the large voting power of many subsidiary companies. If the committee's report is half as interesting as it ought to be, it will provide much food for reflection, and point to the personal responsibility of the directors for at least one large transaction.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.



Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

MR. FREDERICK WALKER,

THE HERO OF THE TRUSTEES CORPORATION.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

Things move quickly in the House of Lords, and I have but to chronicle results: the maintenance of the Contracting-out Clause on one Bill and the amendment of the other. But, though things move quickly, these things are just as serious as the slow movement in the House below. For good or ill, this last fortnight will mark an epoch in the history, not only of the House of Lords, but of the Parliamentary government of this country; for, in a word, the issue is whether the Lords are to have any real power in our government or not. For my own part, I think that the result will immensely strengthen the Upper House; but if it does not, then, at any rate, the importance to all of us will be just as great.

THE EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY BILL.

I refer this week to the way in which the Contracting-out Clause was treated, because it has a continued importance—more, indeed, than lay on the surface. The Lords have maintained the clause, and they will strive to do so. They strike for freedom, and leave the workmen to decide for themselves whether they will work under the Bill or not. That is a great thing; but it is not all. There is a more immediate issue. The Radicals now say that the Bill is lost, and it will be lost most certainly if Mr. Asquith has his way. But who is Mr. Asquith? The creature of the Trades-Unionists for the moment, not by any means the Cabinet. The Trades-Unionists are reckoning without Mr. Gladstone. I do not know what may be said between my writing this and its publication, but, from what I hear, there is a serious dispute between Mr. Asquith and Mr. Gladstone on this point. The Premier would like to compromise by going hand in hand with Mr. McLaren. But the Home Secretary, a politician still "on the make," will not budge. Then who is to resign? That is a question which has been below a good deal of correspondence between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Asquith this last week, and certain rumours put about last week ought to have been interpreted in the light of the very serious situation which would be created if either Mr. Asquith were to lose Mr. Gladstone, or Mr. Gladstone his popular Home Secretary.

PARISH COUNCILS.

I cannot say more on this point. At present I have only room to refer to the Parish Councils debate. The meeting of the Upper House on Thursday was very well attended by some two hundred Peers. Everyone was glad to see Lord Kimberley back again and Lord Herschell, and Lord Rosebery, too, looked in (as a relief from the strain of trying to bring two of the most important members of the Cabinet to terms). Mr. Fowler sat on the steps of the Throne with a somewhat sad cast of countenance and a large bundle of papers. Lord Salisbury looked well, and ready for anything, and the Duke of Devonshire as ponderous as ever. The details of the fight had been practically settled in the extra-parliamentary meetings of both parties.

RATE-SPENDERS.

The keynote for all the subsequent debate was early struck by Lord Salisbury. The acute criticism of the Tory leader brought out at once the essential aspect of the Bill, which the Commons hardly grasped and the Radicals have done their best to minimise. This is a rate-spending Bill. Its essential point is to transfer the spending of money to a new set of bodies. Our first care should be, therefore, to take precaution that the new bodies and their electors shall realise that this is so, and shall know what their expenses mean and how much they are. There are two things to be done: to secure that the rate-spenders shall be as far as possible rate-payers, and to abolish the compounder, so that everyone will know how much of his expenses are the rates he is himself responsible for imposing. As Mr. Balfour said in the Commons, if these councils come to grief at all, they will split on the rock of finance, and if the Lords did nothing else they would deserve the thanks of the community for insisting on this aspect of the Bill. The Duke of Devonshire took a line of his own on this amendment, and the advent of the Liberal Unionists made the Government minority look quite respectable. The outcome will most likely be a compromise when the Commons come to consider these amendments. Mr. Gladstone will hardly allow the Parliamentary franchise to be ignored; but he will probably assent to the rate-payers being secured otherwise.

LONDON.

A similar compromise is probable as to the exemption of London. It was with a feeling of surprise mingled with pleasure that I found that Lord Balfour was to take up this amendment. The "London Revolution" had been so completely ignored in the Commons that it seemed unlikely that the Lords (who would naturally think more about their country estates than about the middle-class urban rate-payers) would stiffen their backs and demand reconsideration. Especially did my hopes sink when it was announced that the Poor Law Clauses were only to be amended, and not absolutely cut out. But here, again, it is unlikely that Mr. Fowler will be allowed by London Radicals to accept the whole limitation. The chances are, however, that the London Conservatives will be given something in return for giving way. That is the way the political game is played. We have now to wait till the 12th, when the amendments to both Bills will be considered again in the Lower House. If I am not mistaken, there is yet a political surprise in store for the Radicals. Mr. Gladstone has not been allowing them to be gratified with the prospect of a "popular" Budget for nothing. He, too, expects his *quid pro quo*. For the present, then, *verb. sap.*

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

There is little doubt that we are in for a big constitutional crisis. The House of Lords has destroyed Employers' Liability, and it is in the process of destroying Parish Councils. The fate of the first measure is sealed, and nothing but a very late surrender on the part of the Lords can save it. This I do not think will happen, for the Lords have gone too far to draw back with either dignity or effect. Moreover, it is clear from Lord Salisbury's speeches that the whole situation has been calculated. It is really an astounding business. The leader of the Lords gave everybody to understand in the plainest way that the question was one of fighting the trades unions. "The Government," he said, in a memorable phrase, the only words really cheered during the whole debate, "were the slaves of a cruel organisation." The meaning of this was instantly caught up by Mr. John Burns, who was present during the debate, and all friends of the Bill. It meant that Lord Salisbury and the Tories generally thought it better to defy the trades unions and insist on contracting-out than to give one and a-half million workers what they wanted. Of course, it is conceivable that the Tories and Peers may be right, and that contracting-out is popular with the non-unionist working man; but that it will be a severe—perhaps an irremediable—blow to trades-unionism no one can very well doubt. That being so, Mr. Asquith's course is absolutely fixed. He cannot possibly proceed with the Bill, for if he did he would have the whole weight of trades-union sentiment against him. The measure, therefore, will be abandoned, for I do not think there is any room for compromise.

PARISH COUNCILS GOING.

With regard to the Local Government Bill, the attitude of the Lords has been a little more reserved. Clearly, there are divided councils in the ranks of the Opposition. The Unionists, influenced as they were bound to be by the attitude of Mr. Chamberlain and his followers in the Commons, did not want to show their hand too plainly as the destroyers, or, at least, the mutilators of the Bill. On the other hand, nothing restrains Lord Salisbury when he is rushing on a course in which his sole guides are his class prejudices. There is a certain suggestion of strength and sincerity about this big, loose-jointed man, with his barbed speech, his careless grace of style, his ostentatious indifference to what people think about him and his policy, which interests, though it does not fascinate you. Never, I suppose, were there a set of more uncompromising Tory speeches of the good old stamp than those of Lord Salisbury on Parish Councils and Employers' Liability. But in one instance, at all events, they overshot the mark. The Duke of Devonshire would have nothing whatever to say to the cool proposal to disfranchise all the service voters and all the lodgers—that is to say, to deprive the Parish Councils electorate of nearly all its popular elements in the thinly populated districts. Moreover, the Duke stuck to his guns, and took his party one way, while the true-blue Tories went the other. The chances are that the Parliamentary register will be retained, but that direct rating will be substituted for compounding, a change which nearly all experts believe to be unworkable, and which will spoil the Bill in the eyes of the agricultural labourer. But what one has to consider is the temper of the Liberals when the Bill goes back shorn of all its most democratic provisions, and carefully cut down to limits which the ecclesiastical plus Tory Opposition will accept. I doubt whether they will accept a single one of the Lords' amendments, and then we shall have another fierce but short conflict at the end of this most combative of sessions. The conclusion of the whole matter is, I believe, that the Parish Councils Bill will be lost in the same way as the Employers' Liability Bill. The Lords' amendments are clever, bitterly hostile in purpose, though carefully veiled in form; but they will serve their turn.

HOW THE DEBATE HAS GONE ON.

From a scenic point of view, the debates on both the Government Bills have been poor. Talk in the House of Lords is always cursed by a certain looseness of form, which arises from the fact that there is practically no authorised chairman, and that noble Lords have to muddle out their points of order as best they may. If two Peers rise at the same time and both men are obstinate, only a vote of the House can decide who is to be heard. Questions of procedure have to be arranged in a desultory chit-chat between Lord Salisbury and the leader of the Government. In this way the debate jogs jerkily on, ranging over all kinds of irrelevancies, instead of coming to a conclusion, for, as a rule, noble Lords are not famous for oratorical gifts. Practically, the only intellectual feature of the slightest interest has been Lord Salisbury's speeches, which always have a certain simple and strong texture which hides their larger moral and æsthetic defects. The Archbishop and Bishops made a thoroughly uninspiring show. There has been quite a flutter of lawn sleeves in the House of Lords lately, but I heard not a single speech which could by the largest possible stretch of imagination be called statesmanlike. The Archbishop of Canterbury has been there, cleverish and frankly selfish and opportunist. All the Bishops have spoken as if the interests of the Church were purely concerned with a few wretched doles and a few score miserable school-rooms. Their reverend Lordships are parochial instead of imperial in their attitude towards this great question, which they think threatens their episcopal power. That is the Church polity of to-day. How one sighs when one thinks of Lanfranc, Anselm, and Becket, and sees and hears their successor!